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SEPTEMBER 7, 1984

THE CATHOLIC VOTE
William M. Droel & Gregory F. Pierce

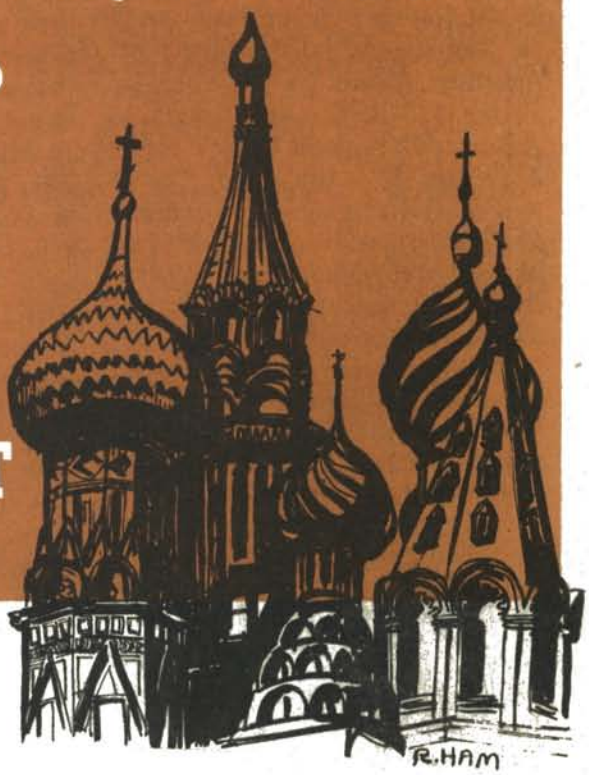
CLEARING THE AIR
The Editors

CHURCH & STATE IN THE U.S., THE U.S.S.R.

MESSAGE AT CAMPOBELLO
Abigail McCarthy

ARMS & DOLLARS
Kevin J. Cassidy

GLEB YAKUNIN, UNQUENCHED SPIRIT
JANICE BROUN



The government buys a bank
DAVID BENSMAN

The religious fellow
JOHN RODDEN

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Correspondence

On past laurels

Brooklyn, N.Y.

To the Editors: Gordon Zahn's "Vietnam — A Memorial Day Postscript" [July 13] offered an insightful analysis of President Reagan's "attempt at revisionist history." It also recalled another emotional tribute spoken by Mr. Reagan on Independence Day. Eloquently and persuasively, he observed: "When people long for freedom, they don't climb over the wall into East Germany, or seek refuge in Cuba or the Soviet Union. They come to the United States of America."

He's right. Our nation, "conceived in liberty," has a long reputation of offering sanctuary to those who seek it. What Mr. Reagan failed to say in his emotional message is that, under his administration, the welcome mat is being pulled in, bit by bit. This especially holds for Central Americans. Current immigration policy insists that illegal aliens from Los Angeles to New York City be hunted down, jailed, and deported. Church workers who offer sanctuary to refugees from political oppression and poverty are taken to court and prosecuted. Employers who offer work to illegal immigrants stand in violation of the law.

Something is wrong with a presidential message that rests on past laurels while ignoring the reality of current policies — policies more worthy of East Germany, or Cuba, or the Soviet Union.

CAMILLE D'ARIENZO, RSM

Oxford & Methodism

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: I very much enjoyed David Noble's article, "The Oxford legacy" [July 13]. As an Anglican priest I greatly appreciated the accurate description of the Oxford Movement, and the assessment of its influence within both the Anglican and Roman Communions.

Unfortunately, many people regard the movement simply as an attempt to ape nineteenth century Roman Catholic ceremonial practice, whereas the ritual aspect of it came later as a natural outgrowth of the original concerns of the Tractarians.

Some credit ought to be given to Wesley and his "Methodists" earlier on at Oxford whose spiritual revival helped to motivate the founders of the Oxford Movement.

MICHAEL R. BECKER

The homeless issue

Stanford, Calif.

To the Editors: The salient distinction between "people who are homeless" and "homelessness" is that the former are real, while the latter is merely an abstraction. For public policy purposes, it is crucial to know the number of people whose lack of shelter is so prolonged as to endanger life or health, and the reasons they lack it. This information is not provided by "Sinking into Homelessness" [June 15]. Although its authors, Marjorie Hope and James Young, urge adoption of policies to prevent "homelessness," they seem more interested in excoriating "our militarized economic system" than in the analysis necessary to formulate effective social policy.

For example, we are told that one of the "most widespread factors in homelessness" is "displacement" which "afflicts 2.5 million Americans annually." However, we are also told that there are 2 million homeless and that one-third of them are the deinstitutionalized mentally ill. Obviously, displacement does not necessarily result in homelessness, but we never learn how many of the displaced actually become homeless, or the average length of time they remain so.

The authors state that the majority of the "chronically homeless" — whose number, if known, is not disclosed — are "simply unemployable in today's economy." Not only do they give no evidence for this asssertion, they fail to say how any of the 8.7 million unemployed are, or have ever been, homeless. Yet "unemployment" is listed by the authors among the four major causes of homelessness.

Hope and Young seem to think that there is something called "low-income housing" which the government must finance if the poor are to be housed. In reality, most of the poor have always lived in housing vacated by those who have moved to better-quality shelter, which, in turn, has been vacated by those whose incomes are a few notches higher, and so forth. This "trickle-up" process has been repeated in virtually every community, including Harlem, which has not always been predominantly black and/or poor.

The process is, of course, impeded by the demolition, abandonment, and conversion of rental housing stock which the authors believe necessitates government intervention, but which are often, if not usually, attributable to some kind of government action or policy. Urban renewal is more aptly termed "urban removal" because it typically destroys dwellings occupied by low-income individuals. In New York City alone, thousands of structurally sound buildings have been abandoned as liabilities by owners caught between increased taxes, utilities, and maintenance costs on the one hand, and rent control and non-paying tenants exploiting the legal system to delay eviction on the other. The fear that rent control will further erode profit margins prompts many rental unit owners to seek condominium conversions; denial of the requisite permits commonly leads to deterioration and, even, torching of the units.

Given their view that Americans must "change their basic social philosophy

(Continued on page 477)

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RELIGION & POLITICS: CLEARING THE AIR

THE DEBATE ON religion and politics appears to be irrepressible. Readers of de Tocqueville are certainly not surprised. From the very settling of this land, that highly acute observer noted, "politics and religion contracted an alliance which has never been dissolved." From Abolitionism to the civil-rights movement and the anti-war struggle of the Vietnam years, religion has provided an enlivening spark for many of the nation's great social movements — and for several of its major follies. One need only have observed the two parties' conventions this summer to be convinced of the continuing force of religion in American politics: San Francisco, where a Baptist minister, a former Yale Divinity School student, and the son of a Methodist minister contended for the Democratic presidential nomination; Dallas, where the invocations and blessings pronounced by various church notables carried more political significance than the keynote address.

A nation so steeped in religion is highly unlikely to bracket some of its deepest convictions as it makes its way to the polls. Perhaps then, as New York's Governor Cuomo suggested, it is better to have a full and open discussion of the proper relations of religion, morality, and politics than to proceed by unquestioned dicta, innuendo, or direct-mail propaganda. The governor's remark was provoked by this summer's controversy over abortion, which in turn has precipitated the latest discussion of church and state, religion and politics. An open airing of all these topics may very well be healthy, but like a lot of healthy things, not easy. It may even be a bit risky. The risk would be lessened and the discussion left healthier if each of the major participants would make a few candid concessions.

It is time for the Catholic bishops, or at least one or two prominent ones, to make themselves perfectly clear about the reasonableness of divergent views among Catholics on abortion policy. In New York, Archbishop John J. O'Connor has wisely backed away from appearing to draw up voting instructions for Catholics. Nationally, the bishops have issued a sound statement declaring their nonpartisanship, noting the wide range of issues about which they have expressed concern, and stating their intention to continue evaluating public policy from a moral perspective, speaking both to Catholics in terms of the church's moral tradition and to other citizens of good will "in terms all people can grasp and support."

On one point, however, the bishops are still fudging. Can a Catholic, in good conscience — indeed, on solid, traditional Catholic grounds — agree with the church's view of abortion but disagree with the bishops on what, if anything, should be done about it legally? Of course, he — or she — can. And the bishops know it. They have not, unfortunately, said it right out.

Their recent statement comes close: "With regard to many issues, of course, there is room for sincere disagreement by Catholics and others who share our moral convictions, over how moral principles should be applied to the current facts in the

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public policy debate.'' That sentence is followed by another which begins, ''But . . . .'' In truth, the second sentence does not refer to problems of policy applications at all but rather to the seriousness with which Catholics must take the bishops' teaching on the immorality of directly taking innocent human life, whether in warfare or abortion. Nonetheless, given the introductory ''but'' and the use of the parallel phrases (''With regard to many issues. . . . But with regard to the immorality of direct taking of innocent human life. . . .''), the impression is left that the second sentence qualifies the ''room for sincere disagreement'' over applying moral convictions in concrete policy-making circumstances.

In theory, the residual ambiguity here pertains as much to the issue of warfare as to abortion. But in practice, the bishops have made it abundantly clear that there is wide ''room for sincere disagreement'' when it comes to translating the moral conviction about noncombatant immunity into specific policy recommendations, whether these deal with Pentagon targeting plans, a freeze on nuclear weaponry, or no first use. No public intimations have been let stand that some military commanders or administration officials are ''bad Catholics.'' Such intimations are rife in the area of abortion. Some bishops may imagine that there are political advantages to be gained in letting this ambiguity persist. They are wrong. There is no reason for them to be anything less than straight-forward and forceful about their own recommendations concerning abortion, as they have been about nuclear arms. But it is time to clear the air and to say explicitly that there is as much ''room for sincere disagreement'' about policy implementation among Catholics in the one area as in the other.

It is also time for the ''I'm-personally-opposed-to-abortion-but'' political leaders to do some explaining. Their position may make good sense, or it may simply be a sloppy evasion. *Why* are they personally opposed? Why does their personal opposition on other issues (hunger, child abuse) regularly produce proposals for state action but not on abortion? What are the special reasons for adding the ''but''?

It is really not too much to insist that these politicians address such matters. Since there may, or may not, be millions of lives at stake — depending on one's point of view — the issue obviously requires some analysis and explanation. The need is especially great in the Democratic party, where the bulk of the ''I'm-personally-opposed-but'' school resides. Walter Mondale assures us he has prayed long and hard over the question of abortion. We don't doubt it, but not feeling capable of judging the quality of his, or anyone else's, prayer, we would settle for some evidence that he has *thought* long and hard over the issue. Congresswoman Ferraro has proved no more articulate on the subject.

This silence tends to confirm the impression that the Democrats have bought, lock, stock, and barrel, into a position on abortion that is unthinking, and that they have done so almost entirely in response to the pressure of pro-choice women's groups. As long as those with at least some moral qualms about abortion don't voice their misgivings, anti-abortion Democrats will conclude that there is no way to make their case in the party through debate and persuasion. Only a clobbering at the polls will shake the Democrats from their strict pro-choice orthodoxy. Thus, the abdication of the ''I'm-personally-opposed-but'' politicians from their responsibility to offer further explanation leads to another instance when politics becomes not deliberation but only, as Alasdair MacIntyre put it, ''civil war conducted by other means.''

It is time, finally, for the pro-choice advocates and editorial writers to abandon, once and for all, the argument that abortion is a religious ''doctrine'' of a single or several churches being imposed on those of other persuasions in violation of the First Amendment. The argument is all the more offensive because it is selectively employed: Catholics and their bishops are accused of imposing their ''doctrine'' on abortion, but not their ''doctrine'' on the needs of the poor, or their ''doctrine'' on the arms race, or their ''doctrine'' on human rights in Central America. But at bottom this argument reveals that its proponents have made no serious effort to understand the case against abortion.

The briefest investigation into Catholic teaching would show that the church's case against abortion is utterly unlike, say, its belief in the Real Presence, known with the eyes of faith alone, or its insistence on a Sunday obligation, applicable only to the faithful. The church's moral teaching on abortion, as it happens, is for the most part like its teaching on racism, warfare, and capital punishment, based on ordinary forms of moral reasoning common to believers and nonbelievers.

Opposition to all or some abortions may be right or wrong — it is not our intention to debate that case here and now. We only insist that it is no more a religious ''doctrine'' being imposed on others than is support for the survival of the state of Israel. Religious leadership may be prominent in the one cause as in the other, and some in that leadership may cite Scripture or tradition to back their case. Religious upbringing or identity may predispose one to appreciate a particular set of values at stake in one or the other of these issues. The organized resources of a religious community may be mobilized on behalf of one or the other objective. But both opposition to abortion and support for the state of Israel can be — and are — advanced, debated, accepted, or rejected on grounds common to all kinds of political-moral decisions. Establishment of a religion has nothing to do with it.

Those who hold that abortion is immoral believe that the biological dividing lines of birth or viability should no more determine whether a developing member of the species be denied or accorded essential rights than should the biological dividing lines of sex or race or disability or old age. This argument is open to challenge. Perhaps the dividing lines *are* sufficiently different. Pro-choice advocates should state their reasons for believing so. They should meet the argument on its own grounds and stop trying to bludgeon opposition to abortion with the First Amendment.

If the bishops, the ''I'm-personally-opposed-but'' politicians, and the pro-choice advocates would grant these points, the discussion of religion and politics would still be only at its beginning. But at a healthier beginning.

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EXERTING LABOR

Labor Day has come, a fitting, hot, end-of-summer celebration of the *bonum arduum*. It is the sabbath of a season, an end and a beginning. Won by workers a century ago, it offers rest, but demands reflection.

This year in particular it is time for thought. Despite apparently good domestic economic news, many workers and organized labor in particular find themselves not on the upswing side of recovery but in the most defensive workers' posture in a generation. A dramatic line seems to have been crossed, a decisive balance altered by the 1981 Patco strike. Prior to that, labor disputes centered around wages, hours, health, and occupational safety issues. But with Patco's demise, labor issues were thrown back to a previous, near-Paleolithic era in which the very existence of unions was once again questioned. With the deep recession of 1982-83, the swelling wave of accompanying unemployment, and a new, derisive tone fostered by government which seemed to sow further disregard for the means of collective bargaining, the hard-won gains of many American workers accomplished by virtue of organized labor in the last half-century, were suddenly up for grabs. The mid-eighties find workers' unions fighting not only for benefits and respect, but for survival.

This Labor Day it is not uncommon to observe strikes that have lasted more than a year, some of which have involved physical assaults on striking workers. Cases in point:

● The lockout by Litton Industries last September of its Athol, Massachusetts, plant workers who had been bargaining in good faith and without a contract for four months [*Commonweal*, June 15]. A period of "quiet diplomacy" between the workers' union and Litton in recent months is likely to be coming to an end. Litton has already transferred a number of jobs from the Athol plant to other, non-unionized centers.

● A bitter strike against Phelps-Dodge at four sites in Arizona since July 1983. This copper struggle is reminiscent of the film "Salt of the Earth," including the use of state law agencies and non-union workers to break the strike.

● Since May 1984 a strike at Danly Tool in Cicero, Illinois, by a thousand workers. Having been gobbled up by Ogden Industries, a $1.7 billion conglomerate, two years ago, Danly, which formerly had excellent relations with its workers, has taken an aggressive attitude toward labor relations. Says local union president Joe Romano, "I've never had to deal with anything like this. . . . They came with proposals taking away everything we've had in the contract for forty years — holidays, pension, medical benefits, wages, work rules, everything. They missed nothing at all."

● In New York City, the longest strike in history by hospital workers at twenty-seven area hospitals ended August 27. The Catholic archdiocese had warned the hospitals of "union busting" tactics.

While these are not isolated instances, they throw considerable light on what can be expected in forthcoming labor negotiations. David Moberg recently reported (*In These Times*, August 8-21) that postal workers, auto workers, and coal miners all face tough negotiations this fall. He sees a pattern emerging in which industries demand lower wages for newly hired workers, the "two-tier" wage system. The Postal Service wishes to cut wages of all new workers by twenty-three percent. Postal workers' unions have vowed to fight. If the "two-tier" strategy succeeds, it will be seen as a precedent for both the federal government and the private sector.

All the more reason to honor this Labor Day as a sabbath for reflection. Pope John Paul II wrote in *Laborem exercens* three years ago this month: "in every case a just wage is the concrete means of verifying the justice of the whole socio-economic system . . . of checking that it is functioning justly" (89). The pope included the following as constitutive elements of the "just wage": health benefits, retirement benefits, rest periods, the right of association, and environments that are not harmful to either workers' safety or their moral integrity (93, 94). He warned that union demands must not be "turned into a kind of group or class 'egoism,' " but strongly reiterated Catholic teaching that labor unions are an essential factor of the social order, "a genuine means of human solidarity" (97, 96). What is more, his substantive questions about the nature of work, the purpose of economics, and the relationship of workers to their work and the common good bear scrutiny.

Earlier this year, Bishop Michael Begley of Charlotte, N.C., led a dialogue of fourteen representatives of business management, labor, and the church in a series of discussions about the future economic prospects of western North Carolina. The encouraging results can be found in the group's report, "The Workbench of Life" (*Origins*, February 16): "We found that our shared values and common problems were generally more extensive and important than those on which we differed." This model needs to be applied by dioceses across the country, especially in this era when support for workers and their unions has taken a decisive step backwards in the public mind, and when the need for candid discussion among the church's varied family is most urgently called for in light of developing and implementing an effective pastoral on economic life in general.

The Ferraro nomination

THE TORCH LADY

THE WOMEN WHO WENT BEFORE

CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, I was alone the night Geraldine Ferraro gave her acceptance speech as the nominee of the Democratic party for the office of vice-president of the United States. I had just made it home from a meeting and was determined to hear the words of the first woman nominated for such an office.

But what I experienced was totally unexpected.

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For the first time I was stirred not by the words of the speaker (as I was most recently by Cuomo's delivery), nor by the combination of personal witness and oratory (as I was by Jackson's speech), but rather, I was thoroughly struck by the kinship between Geraldine Ferraro and myself, and the countless anonymous women whose efforts throughout history brought us all to this point on a glittering night in San Francisco.

Suddenly I realized what it was like to watch "one of our own" (a term often reserved for a parochial, sometimes cabalistic genre), but at this time, this moment, a term which meant not only had Geraldine Ferraro made it, but all 53 percent of the American female population had made it.

My personal kinship with Ferraro is, in part, shared by a significant number of her female supporters. I am nearly Ferraro's age; I have come from a deeply committed Catholic and Democratic heritage; I have had several careers, one of which was that of a grade school teacher; I have been blessed with hard-working parents who were blue-collar voters; and I have gone on to higher education — along with six other siblings who were able to do so through the extraordinary thriftiness of our parents.

So, I sat there — blinking back tears — watching a woman who was, at this moment, standing there in place of each woman in America.

Then I began to think of the women who had gone before us — before this night, and before women were allowed to vote.

Since Ferraro's selection, I have heard people say that the U.S. has come a long way in so short a time:

"Look at how far the blacks have come!"

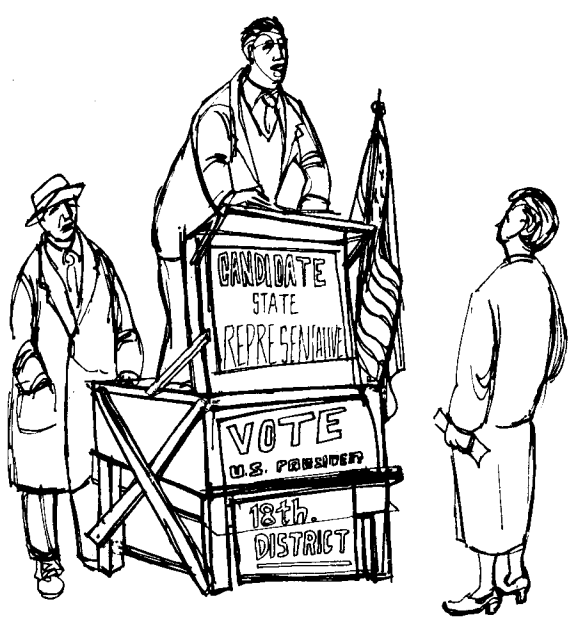
"Women have been getting top jobs right along!"

"Reagan appointed a woman to the Supreme Court!"

Rubbish!

No amount of years, however short from a democracy's inception, can excuse that democracy from allowing full rights to all its citizens.

Thinking this, I was sure that those courageous women who protested as suffragettes, or planned secret suffragist meetings, or strategized whatever ways they could to get the Nineteenth Amendment passed, were all on that platform with Ferraro. She was not so much a product of that same hard-working Democratic heritage as she was of the women who bonded together since our country began in an effort to get their right to vote.



This brought to mind the stories I had heard from my mother about another female political activist: my maternal grandmother, Catherine McGinty, the suffragette torch carrier from Sharpsburg, a suburb of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Brought to this country at the age of two, my uneducated grandmother possessed an inherent sense of political rights. She was called the "Torch Lady" in her Sharpsburg neighborhood because her job in the suffragist night marches was to light the way with a torch since the city streets had no electric lights.

Women marched at night quite often because they could secure the services of an older child who worked during the day, or, in rare instances, elicit the help of their husbands to baby-sit younger children. Grandmother McGinty often prevailed upon her understanding husband to watch the children of those women who would not tell their husbands where they were "goin visitin!"

Meetings were held in the Sharpsburg local theater and, without the advantage of the telephone, they were announced by various chain-reaction-methods from the banging of garbage can lids to the rapping on assigned kitchen doors.

Pictures in history books have captured the verve and courage of these women who looked like so many statues of Lady Liberty galvanized into an army with banners, flags, and skirts whipping in the wind as they forged ahead with one objective in mind: the right to vote. Every time I would come across such a picture I would scrutinize it thinking that perhaps Grandma McGinty was in it.

For over twenty-five years, the Torch Lady fought for the day she could vote. She even lived to tell her grandchildren about the quest. But the noble stories, the stories of the Torch Lady's most difficult confrontations as a cigar-roller by day and activist by night, were left to my mother to tell.

After Grandmother McGinty got her right to vote she was the first to appear at her polling place every election day for the forty years that remained of her life. She followed political conventions with a religious fervor venerating the freedom which allowed them to exist. She never would have called them "carnivals" or "side show politics" as some newspapers referred to the Democratic Convention this year. She knew political issues backwards and forwards, and taught her children to do the same.

I had always thought that John Kennedy's neat political aphorism "the torch has been passed to a new generation," was precisely that: a piece of rhetoric splintered among so many other shards of the Camelot dream. What kind of torch? What generation? Gary Hart only served to obfuscate the saying all the more.

As the granddaughter of the Torch Lady, I have not had to

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fight for my right to vote, but I do have to fight for as much of the dollar as my male colleagues earn. I have to fight against the promotion offered to him over me and other women staffers; against the professional membership extended to him to the exclusion of me; against the disclosure of my finances to the protection of his. Indeed, we have only begun to address the issue of sexism!

More than any male leader in our country, Geraldine Ferraro knows this. The bond she has created with the female voting public is something no man could have done. Ferraro's magnetism affirmed every woman in Moscone Center and every woman in the TV audience. The eyes that swelled with pride as they looked at Ferraro were not eyes of personal adulation; they were acknowledgments of kinship.Every woman could say: "I have made it!" Now will come the rights that should have come with the right to vote.

At that historic moment I was sure that behind Ferraro stood my own Grandmother McGinty, a proud and gallant soul, her head cocked to one side, two large brown eyes smiling victoriously from under the brim of her large, floppy hat. Her arm was extended and a shadowy past, challenged yet rebuffed, ignored yet repulsed, was once and for all illuminated. From the Sharpsburg suffragette and her tireless co-workers around the nation, to the Representative of Queens and her spirited supporters, indeed, ". . . the torch has been passed."

MARY ANN FLANNERY

(Mary Ann Flannery, a doctoral student in communications at Kent State University, has served on many national and local committees dealing with peace and justice issues in the American church. Presently a member of the Interreligious Task Force on Central America, she has written for Today's Parish, Sisters Today, Columbia, *and other magazines.)*

Election '84

THE CATHOLIC VOTE

ALL THE ISSUES THAT FIT

WHAT WEIGHT Catholics assign the so-called "social issues" may well be the decisive factor in a close presidential election this November. Although they do not vote as a bloc, Catholics do comprise 25 percent of the electorate. And they are among the most vulnerable to an emotional appeal on these genuine concerns.

In 1976, 54 percent of Catholics voted for the Democratic candidate, Jimmy Carter. In 1980, one of every four of those Democratic Catholics crossed over and voted for either Independent John Anderson or Republican Ronald Reagan.

There is some evidence that this Catholic crossover was critical in Reagan's victory. President Reagan bases his "mandate" on his lopsided Electoral College triumph — 489 to Carter's 49 votes. But the popular election was much closer. Reagan received less than 1 percent more of the vote than John Kennedy did in his 1960 "cliffhanger" victory.

Many elements will determine the 1984 winner, but consider for a moment the states of Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin. In 1976, all cast their electoral votes for Carter. In 1980, they all switched to Reagan. Each of these five states has a large Catholic population: Massachusetts 51 percent, New York 35 percent, Wisconsin 32 percent, Pennsylvania 31 percent, and Ohio 21 percent. The crossover from Democrat to Republican in these states in 1980 occurred predominantly in the urban/ethnic centers — territory usually associated with a large percentage of Catholics.

Together these five states represent 118 electoral votes . . . almost half of what is needed to be elected or reelected president of the United States. It is conceivable, then, that the swing votes in November 1984 will come from cities like Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and Milwaukee. If the Republicans are able to repeat their 1980 performance among Catholics, Ronald Reagan will be in the White House for another four years.

The potential of such a pivotal Catholic vote has not gone unnoticed by Republican strategists. In recent months, President Reagan has restored full diplomatic relations with the Vatican, appointed a special staff liaison to the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops, and singled out Franciscan Father Bruce Ritter of New York's Covenant House as one of America's heroes. Reagan conveniently crossed paths with Pope John Paul II in Alaska, welcomed several bishops to the White House, and visited a Hoboken, N.J., parish.

The linchpin of the Republican strategy to attract Catholic voters, though, is the president's frequent championing of the "social issues." Not a week goes by when Reagan doesn't reiterate his support for prayer in the public schools, opposition to abortion, and a return to the Bible and traditional family values. This strategy has not been without its rewards. For example, Reagan recently received the Medal of Distinction from the New York State Federation of Catholic School Parents for his efforts to pass tuition tax-credit legislation, and was praised by the newly-appointed archbishop of New York during the ceremony "for his forthright and courageous stand for the rights of the unborn."

The appeal by Reagan and other politicians to the social issues is not, as some commentators say, an improper mix of politics and religion. The issues of abortion, tuition subsidy, the Equal Rights Amendment, and prayer in public places are important issues and should be of concern to religious people.

On the other hand, they are not the only issues on which Catholics will have to base their vote. The issues of employment, care for the poor and elderly, military spending, civil rights, and peace are also important to all people of good will. The administrative board of the U.S. Catholic Conference, composed of forty-eight bishops, recently issued a major statement — *Political Responsibility: Choices for the 1980's* — calling on Catholics to consider "the full range of issues" when choosing a public official.

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When a "full range of issues" is considered, the electoral choice for Catholics becomes more complicated. One candidate who claims to be "pro-life" about the rights of a fetus may not be so concerned about those of a prisoner on death row, a senior citizen on social security, or a civilian in Central America or the Middle East. A candidate who is acceptable on the so-called social issues may be disastrous on economics or the rights of women and minorities.

Even those Catholics who decide that the "social issues" should dominate their political choice, must still deal with the fact that people of sincere faith and values can in good conscience hold different views on how to best accomplish good ends. There is a variety of legislative, judicial, and cultural approaches to these issues, and questions of differing tactics do not suffice to define the relative integrity of politicians. Nor does perfect "lip service" to the "correct" positions insure that a candidate has either the will or the political skill actually to accomplish anything on a particular issue.

As the incumbent of four years, President Reagan has a special duty to explain how he would accomplish on the "social issues" in a second term what he promised but has not delivered in his first — even though he was remarkably successful in instituting his economic, military, and foreign policy initiatives.

Undoubtedly, many Catholics will choose Reagan as best representing their concerns and interests. But one hopes they do so only after considering the full range of issues and systematically evaluating what he has done or failed to do in the last four years. At least then they will get what they vote for.

WILLIAM M. DROEL & GREGORY F. PIERCE

(William M. Droel is the editor of Initiatives, *the newsletter of the National Center for the Laity. Gregory F. Pierce is the author of* Activism That Makes Sense: Congregations and Community Organization.)

Economic conversion

ARMS & DOLLARS

BETTER JOBS, BETTER CAUSES

OFTEN IGNORED in discussions of the arms race are the economic factors that help sustain it. Profits are big in the arms industry and, while some workers are troubled by producing ever more weapons, they are understandably reluctant to give up well-paying jobs. The arms business has been a boom or bust industry. It has regularly laid off large numbers of its employees. As its technology has become increasingly sophisticated, it has required fewer workers. It is rapidly becoming capital-intensive rather than labor-intensive.

This past June a large, diverse group of defense workers met at Boston College with union leaders, academics, politicians, and peace activists to consider one alternative to the uncertainty of defense work: *economic conversion*. Simply put, economic conversion is the planned transformation of military production into socially useful manufacturing. It means using the skills that defense workers already possess to make products directed at different ends — vehicles for mass transit, solar energy devices, and medical equipment, for example. Studies by Marion Anderson of Employment Research Associates, by the federal government's Bureau of Labor Statistics, and by a host of academics have demonstrated that manufacturing such non-defense items could produce many more jobs than military production. The difficult question the 750 participants at the International Economic Conversion Conference squared off against was: how to make it happen.

Approaches to that question were broad and varied. Academics such as Seymour Melman, the first real champion of the idea in this country, Barry Bluestone, author of *The De-Industrialization of America*, and Mary Kaldor, the British analyst of arms policy, opened the meeting by focusing on the institutions and values that have established arms production as a formidable economic force. An eloquent theological basis for worker-inspired efforts like economic conversion was offered by Bishop Remi DeRoo, President of the Canadian Bishops' Social Affairs Commission. Politicians brought their perspective as well. Congressmen Nick Mavroules (D-Mass.) and Ted Weiss (D-N.Y.), sponsors of pending conversion legislation, outlined their plans for assisting labor and management in this effort.

'WE BEGIN BOMBING IN FIVE MINUTES'

OFF THE RECORD, OF COURSE

GOOD EVENING, fellow Americans. You know, I'm enough of an old actor to remember one of John Wayne's great lines. The Duke found himself in some pretty tight spots, and one time in *The Green Berets* he turns to his men and says, "Sometimes a man has gotta choose, and it ain't always easy."

In the last few hours, I've had to make a tough choice—and believe me, it ain't always easy! As president, I had to choose between shameless ignominy and complete annihilation. I'm confident I made the right choice.

Now, this is no time to be casting aspersions. But the other side, and they know who they are even if they won't answer the hot line, really fumbled the ball. They knew perfectly well that I meant what I said: America loves peace, but we're not fanatical about it.

Some will say it's corny, but this country was founded

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The focus of the conference, as well as the greater number of conference participants, came from organized labor. William Winpisinger, head of the Machinists and Aerospace Workers (IAM), whose members are a substantial part of the defense labor force, and Ron Todd, likely the next head of Britain's Transport and General Workers Union (TGWU), fired the audience with a vision of the jobs that might be created, and the social needs that could be met through economic conversion. But the real work of the conference was done by the rank-and-file union people from both sides of the Atlantic. They came from all the defense-dependent industries: aerospace, shipbuilding, electronics, machine tool, nuclear, and others, and in what was the heart of the conference, they met in sessions on each industry to analyze the problems and possibilities of conversion.

The Europeans have had far more success in this effort. British workers from Lucas Aerospace documented their ten-year struggle against management to save jobs by developing successful civilian products. Lucas stands as unquestionably the greatest success story this young movement has to tell. Faced with the liability of military production to maintain employment levels, the Lucas workers designed and manufactured a series of civilian products including oceanic equipment, railroad buses, and kidney machines which saved their jobs and set an important precedent in conversion planning. German and Italian workers spelled out their own smaller successes while documenting the difficulties they have experienced. The European unions have organized the engineers capable of designing the new products. This is a significant advantage over their American counterparts.

For the American workers it was a rare opportunity to experience the international labor movement, and learn of the essentially international character of the arms industry. To control their jobs, defense workers will have to form international organizations.

The conference saw the development of three major themes. First, economic conversion must be presented as a jobs issue. While peace activists at the conference repeatedly sought to

in love of God and I know enough to look to my Bible for help. You know the Good Book urges us to "Choose now between the quick and the dead." Well, I did—I made this decision as quickly as possible.

Now, I don't pretend that everybody will agree with my decision. I no sooner got the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Defense to see eye to eye than the Secretary of the Interior raised a very real objection. "Before we launch our missiles," he asked, "aren't we supposed to file an Environmental Impact Statement?"

Well, I want you to know that I cut through all the red tape and grabbed the bull by the horns. In just a few minutes, the entire East Coast will be posthumously declared a disaster area. The Red Cross, the United Fund, and scores of voluntary relief organizations will provide safety nets for the truly needy.

In addition to local service organizations, we have fortunately had in place for many years a very effective civil defense system. At this point in time, we ask you to call the 800 number flashing on your screen for specific evacuation instructions. Those of you in particularly vulnerable locations will be moved. For example, everybody in New York City will go to Dorset, Vermont. The bus leaves Grand Central Station in eight minutes. Incidentally, please don't talk to the driver while the vehicle is in motion.

I've just been handed a note telling me that our 800 number is being flooded with calls. Please be patient and keep trying. Remember—that 800 number is a free call.

I do want to respond to one particular caller. Nine-year-old Debbie Todd of Muncie, Indiana, has a question. Debbie, I know this will be hard for you to understand, but I'm afraid you can't bring your kitty. Put kitty in the basement with a nice dish of milk, and let's hope for the best.

Now, those of you who do make it into the nearest tax shelter—sorry, bomb shelter—may confront a whole new set of challenges. I'm sure a lot of nervous nellies are already fretting about the fallout. I prefer to think of it as the "trickle down effect," and let the chips fall where they may. We've confronted adversity before and we shall prevail. As a great philosopher once said, "Those who cannot remember history are condemned to forget it."

I want to assure every American that this president stands before you unshaken and unbowed. I personally am headed aboard Air Force One and, eventually, to a safe place three miles underground. And believe me, better there than Philadelphia!

So, my fellow Americans, I leave you with a prayer on my lips and a song in my heart. Thanks for the memories. Godspeed and farewell! ROBERT H. BELL

(Robert H. Bell teaches English at Williams College.)

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connect the nuclear arms race and Central America to the need for economic conversion, defense workers insisted that this would be disastrous for their movement. Most defense workers, and especially its management, are hostile to disarmament proposals, both for ideological and economic reasons. Economic conversion has to be presented as an opportunity to save American manufacturing jobs and provide steadier employment for defense workers.

The strong emphasis on the jobs of defense workers disappointed the participants from peace organizations and those representing groups concerned with economic justice and the rights of minority groups. All of these shared a more left-wing perspective, and some of them had hoped for a similar orientation by the defense workers. If the latter did not share that perspective they at least had the opportunity to hear it spelled out by people who were willing to share and support the workers' own concerns. That relationship may have been one of the conference's more important achievements.

Second, most conversion successes, and especially the Lucas Plan, have come from labor, not from management. Experienced workers repeatedly described the intransigence of the industry in the face of proposals from workers for the development of new products. The industry is reluctant to leave the comfort of government contracting to participate in a more competitive civilian economy. As Seymour Melman has repeatedly pointed out, military contractors have become much less efficient than their civilian counterparts.

Moreover, management often views alternative product plans submitted by workers as threats to the hierarchical structure of industry. Lucas workers were repeatedly turned away with their proposals — proposals that were invariably adopted later by other firms — because management was unwilling to accept worker participation in policy-making. The issue was not economics but politics: who would control the company. This has been a problem in American firms as well. Economic conversion, particularly if workers share in the planning as they have abroad, could mean a more influential role for American labor in determining industrial policy.

Third, while economic conversion might provide labor with greater influence on policy, it might also give political institutions greater control over economic planning. Conversion cannot happen in a laissez-faire economy. It requires extensive planning and cooperation among government, labor, and management. The contribution of political authorities has been important in the successes that conversion has achieved thus far. Only government can provide industry with enough economic inducements to persuade it to consider experiments in the civilian marketplace.

Political coalitions in Connecticut and Minnesota have been promoting legislative initiatives that would commit their states to more active conversion roles. Congressmen Mavroules and Weiss have proposed a federal commitment in this effort. While the government's immediate concern would be defense workers' jobs, its intervention would reinforce the principle of multipurpose government, one involved throughout the economy to promote the well-being of all citizens.

Throughout the conference there was strong support for economic conversion by representatives of religious groups. Bishop DeRoo's address systematically set out the Catholic teaching that grants labor primacy over capital, and supports democratic planning of the economy. Other Catholic participants noted Pope John Paul II's support for a worker-oriented economy in his encyclical *Laborem Exercens,* and these points were warmly endorsed by participants from a variety of Protestant denominations.

The conference concluded on a note of hope engendered by the unique character of the gathering. Labor unions from defense industries had been able to discuss their concerns with a broad range of groups from the rest of American society, and to receive the support of those groups. The emergence of such a coalition is an event to be noted and applauded. It will be important not only in the effort for economic conversion, but for the continued development of broad-based progressive politics in this country.

KEVIN J. CASSIDY

(Kevin J. Cassidy is assistant professor of politics at Fairfield University, Fairfield, Conn.)

Of several minds: *Abigail McCarthy*

MESSAGE AT CAMPOBELLO

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT & HUMAN RIGHTS

THERE IS SURELY something serendipitous about the fact that the first woman to be nominated to one of the highest offices in the land should have been nominated in the year of the Eleanor Roosevelt Centennial. Although Mrs. Roosevelt established her identity and her public life within the conventional boundaries of her role as helpmate, she would certainly welcome Geraldine Ferraro's candidacy as the logical extension of twentieth-century woman's march toward full mutual responsibility for the world in which she lives.

It was Eleanor Roosevelt who laid claim once and for all to the public sphere as part of woman's domain. In her more than a dozen years as First Lady—more years than any other First Lady was ever to have—and in her fifteen years of vigorous world leadership thereafter, she made it clear by teaching and example that woman had not only a right but a duty to take part in the things which affected her life, the lives of her children, and of all humanity.

Mrs. Roosevelt was spiritual heir to those pioneers of social reform in the settlement house movement and in community organizations who attacked the evils of slum-ridden cities at the turn of

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the century, before women had the vote. She was a young woman when the suffragettes were making their final, eventually victorious struggle. As a young wife she was an active participant in the activities of newly enfranchised women—in voters' leagues, political groups, and the efforts to improve conditions for working women and their children. In limited ways, while still a busy wife and mother, she pursued careers of her own as a teacher and as a small business entrepreneur. It is natural this year to look to her as the preeminent forerunner of today's independent woman. To see her as that alone, however, is to diminish her achievement.

Mrs. Roosevelt sought to serve all humanity. It was for this reason that in her later years—the years alone, she was called "First Lady of the World." This was how she was remembered this year when guests gathered under lowering skies before the Roosevelt cottage on Campobello to take part in a moving commemorative service marking the hundredth anniversary year of her birth. The fog-shrouded summer place which was her husband's "beloved island" was also a place Eleanor Roosevelt grew to love, and to which in her later years she returned for peace and refreshment. Campobello, a part of the Canadian province of New Brunswick, is now an international park established by the governments of the United States and Canada and overseen by a commission chaired alternately by representatives of both countries. (At the time of this year's observance, Premier Hedard J. Robichaud of New Brunswick was chairman, and former U.S. Secretary of State Edmund S. Muskie, vice chairman.)

In ringing tones commanding the complete attention of everyone there, former Congresswoman Barbara Jordan reminded the assemblage of Eleanor Roosevelt's part in the adoption of the Charter of Human Rights by the United Nations. Her tireless work and her great diplomatic skill were decisive factors in bringing that about. Mrs. Roosevelt herself thought of it as her greatest legacy. In that charter, she said, for the first time in history, the individual, rather than his or her government, became party to an international agreement. By means of that charter a man or woman robbed of a personal right could appeal across borders for redress and protection, could bring his or her plight to world attention. But, said Barbara Jordan, it still remains for the United States to honor that legacy by ratifying the charter. What better way to mark the centennial than by ratifying it this year?

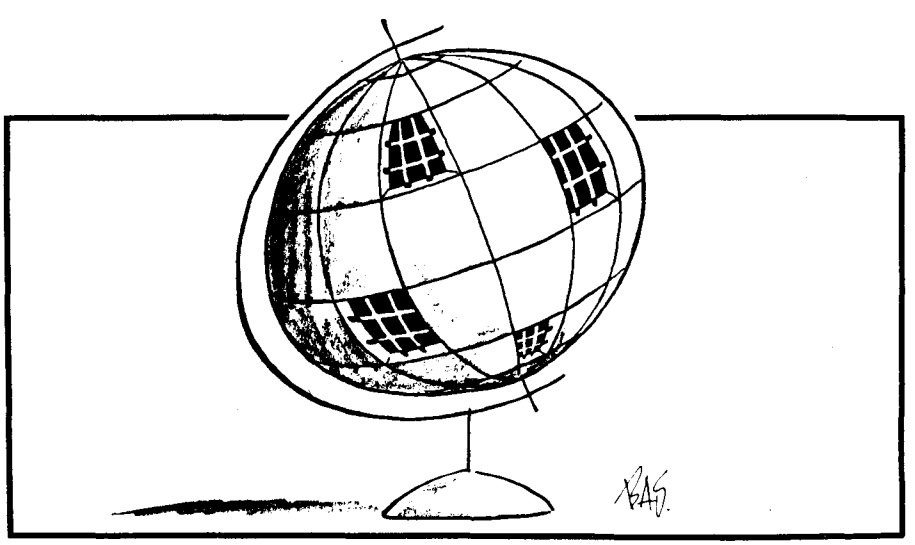
There is no doubt that ratification is the memorial Eleanor Roosevelt would prefer to all others. Although there is little hope that, in the distractions of an election year, this could be achieved by the date of her birthday in October, those who seek to so honor Mrs. Roosevelt should not abandon the effort to bring it about. Nor should we forget our obligation to hold ourselves sensitive to the abuse of human rights and to see that our government does not take cover in hypocrisy or lip service. We must also remember that there are individual memorials in time, money, and effort which can be made to further the kind of work Mrs. Roosevelt did for human rights.

Today, a hundred years after Eleanor Roosevelt's birth, in an era of supposed progress, and many years after her death, in a period of rebuilding and renewed hope, the violation of human rights goes on. The most flagrant, the most terrible of these violations, is the systematic use of torture by *one-third* of the world's governments, even though in 1975 the United Nations adopted the Declaration Against Torture *unanimously*. Amnesty International (304 W. 58th, NYC), the agency which works to protect prisoners' rights everywhere, can document instances of torture and ill-treatment of political prisoners in ninety-eight countries, "from security headquarters in Spain to prison cells in Iran, from secret police centers in Chile to special psychiatric hospitals in the Soviet Union."

It is a tried and true tactic of Amnesty International to encourage the ordinary citizen to write telegrams and letters on behalf of prisoners known to be held or thought to be among the "disappeared." This gives hope to the prisoners and their families. It has often improved their conditions, even brought their release. One person, tortured in a Latin American prison, who became the subject of a letter-writing campaign, has written, concerning a letter which got through to him, "It said in Spanish 'Take heart. The world knows you are alive.' . . . That letter saved my life." The most important thing to know about torture in the eighties is that something can be done about it. Slavery was extinguished. So can torture be. The only thing lacking is the political will of governments to do so. That will we can supply by persuasion, by pressure, by publicity.

If we are as alive to human dignity, as conscious of the rights of the individual, as responsive to duty as was Eleanor Roosevelt, we will honor her by joining in the campaign to do just that.

ABIGAIL McCARTHY



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Gleb Yakunin, unquenched spirit

JANICE BROUN

ON THE FIRST OF November, fifty-year-old Father Gleb Yakunin, a Russian Orthodox priest, will have completed half of his ten-year prison sentence, and should be due to be sent into internal exile. Whether this will happen, or whether he will be resentenced to a further five years of labor camp under last fall's Draconian law which enables prison authorities to resentence prisoners indefinitely, without releasing them, depends largely on how much active, prayerful support Christians in the West are prepared to mount on his behalf. No other priest in his church has spoken out so boldly in an attempt to defend it against the damaging encroachments of an actively hostile, atheist state. By doing this, he has done much to restore his church's credibility in the eyes of the faithful and of the many seekers who have, during the last two decades, been rediscovering God, and their roots, in their own national church. The latter, many of them students and members of the intelligentsia, were deterred by the compliant behavior of a seemingly subservient and compromised hierarchy. No Russian Christian has done more to challenge the Soviet government over its relegation of believers to the status of second-class citizens. No one has done more in bringing together persecuted Christians of different denominations and presenting their plight to the outside world.

Throughout all this, what is so impressive about Father Gleb is his utter consistency and integrity, his fearlessness, his rejection of compromise, and his quiet determination always to speak out the truth, whatever it might cost him. His role has been a self-imposed and lonely one. Some of his closest colleagues have fallen by the wayside. One even betrayed the precious contacts with the West of their Christian Committee for the Defense of Believers' Rights (CCDBR).

Father Gleb was only able to serve as a parish priest — a vocation for which, with his unsparing kindness, dedication, and generosity, he was ideally suited — for a mere three years. The rest of the time he has had to take poorly paid church jobs such as cantor or night watchman. His very first action on behalf of religious liberty, in 1965, led to his suspension from priestly duties by his Patriarch Alexei, on instructions from the state. Although Father Gleb has only said what ordinary believers know and feel, no bishop within his church has dared defend him. Many are secretly sympathetic, but they are so completely subordinate to state control that they have been powerless to help him. The World Council of Churches (WCC), to which he pled so eloquently on behalf of persecuted believers, has failed him lamentably for fear that the whole Soviet delegation would be withdrawn. His family, too, has suffered. His quiet, devoted wife Iraida lived for years in constant fear of his arrest. Since then, with three children to support, she has been denied the right to receive any aid from Christians in the West. Now, at a time when his health has deteriorated alarmingly, the right to visit or even correspond with him has been taken from her.

GLEB YAKUNIN was ordained in 1962, at the height of Khrushchev's outright campaign to destroy church life. Two-thirds of the Orthodox churches were closed, illegally, often brutally, depriving hundreds of thousands of believers of any possibility of regular worship. The two letters which Father Gleb and a young fellow priest, Father Nikolai Eshliman wrote in 1965 to President Podgorny and Patriarch Alexei are historic documents: the first public attempt ever at an analysis of church-state relations in the Soviet Union. They pointed out how, despite the constitutional separation of church and state, the state interfered in, infiltrated, and dictated church affairs at every level. In particular they criticized the uncanonical imposition on the church in 1961 of new regulations which transferred control of the parish from the priest to a lay committee which had to be approved by the local Soviet.

Although mass closures of churches ceased at the time of Khrushchev's fall, and the worst excesses of violence di-

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minished, the letters are still as valid today as when they were written. Essentially, church life is still under the control of a Council for Religious Affairs, an atheist body whose purpose is to limit and if possible undermine church life.

As I mentioned, Father Gleb and Father Nikolai were suspended for this protest, and subsequently the latter left the priesthood. For almost a decade little was heard of Father Gleb. This period saw both the growth of the human rights movement and a resurgence of interest in religion. It was the influx of converts into the Orthodox church which gave an impetus to religious dissent and provided Father Gleb with support when he decided to break his silence. He had no parish to lose and was without ecclesiastical control. Sometimes with others' support, sometimes alone, he pioneered a number of outstanding appeals.

The best known was that to the Fifth Assembly of the WCC at Nairobi in 1975. Father Gleb and physicist Lev Regelson stressed that the prime responsibility of the WCC was to fellow believers. "Confessing and suffering Christians are the glory of the church," they pointed out, "because in all the Christian family they stand closest to Jesus himself and imitate and directly follow our Divine Teacher's sacrifice on Golgotha." These words still stand as a silent reproach to the WCC today, and they were later backed by scrupulously accurate documentation. Apparently terrified at embarrassing the Soviet church delegation, the WCC has continued to show far more concern for the oppressed peoples of the Third World, whether Christian or not, than it has for Christians under Communism, so much so that during their Sixth Assembly at Vancouver last year, a group of concerned Christians — including leading Russian émigrés — held a well attended parallel conference specifically on behalf of the persecuted. They called it the "Yakunin hearing."

Many of Father Gleb's letters were aimed at his government. He emphasized that since Christians represent about a fifth of the population (certainly far more than the authorities are ever prepared to admit!) it is grossly unjust to subject them to constant discrimination. Other letters, including a critical but constructive analysis of his church, challenged Orthodox clergy and believers to adopt the same boldness and initiative as that shown by members of the unregistered Protestant Evangelical churches, the chief victims of imprisonment, and also by Catholics, particularly Lithuanians, in ignoring crippling state-imposed restrictions at local levels.

IN 1976, at the request of his friend and Helsinki Accords monitor Yuri Orlov, Father Gleb and two friends launched the Committee for the Defense of Believers' Rights. The creation of this committee, originally Orthodox in membership and formed partly in reparation for Orthodox persecution of other denominations in Czarist Russia, was a step of great ecumenical significance. It brought together, united in a common aim, the more far-sighted members of previously hostile traditions — Orthodox, Catholics, Pentecostals, Adventists, Baptists.

In 1978, as the work load became increasingly heavy, Father Gleb passed on responsibility for Catholics to five lively, enthusiastic Lithuanian priests, two of whom, Father Alfonsas Svarinskas and Father Sigitas Tamkevicius, were given ten-year sentences last year. In addition, the CCDBR furnished 417 documents providing invaluable and frequently harrowing information, largely on the persecution of hitherto isolated groups and individuals for concerned Western Christians. After a hiatus following the arrest of Father Gleb and the CCDBR's secretary in 1979, the committee was re-established with an interdenominational membership and an active representative in the West, the exile Vadim Shcheglov. Members, however, have to keep their identity secret, and the flow of documentation has never been resumed.

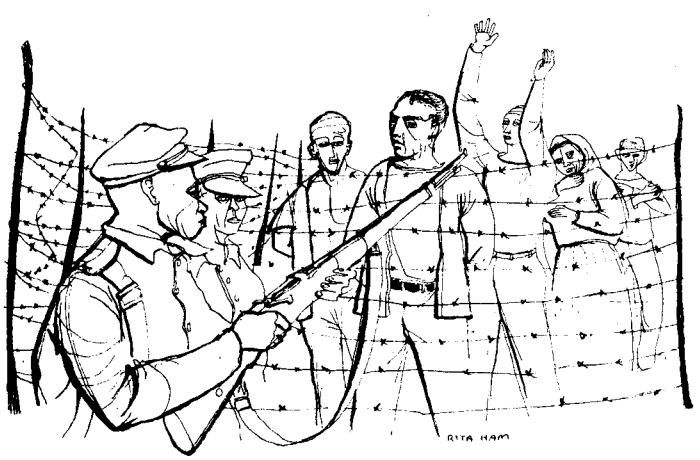
The years 1979 and 1980 saw a vicious clampdown on leading religious dissidents including Father Gleb. Tragically, three of Father Gleb's closest colleagues, including that most lovable of parish priests, Father Dmitri Dudko, were broken and "confessed" to having worked against the state. True to character, Father Gleb remained steadfast, quoting at his trial Christ's words, "A good shepherd will lay down his life for his sheep." His subsequent conduct in labor camps has more than vindicated his words, while the authorities have done all they can to break him.

Iraida took him a Bible, printed officially by the Moscow Patriarchate. When prison officials removed it, Father Gleb went on an eighty-day hunger strike to demonstrate that there is nothing in Soviet laws to forbid a prisoner to have a Bible. He was force-fed with boiling hot liquids. And because he faithfully carried out his apostolate as a priest, comforting others in their sufferings, giving an inspiring example by his meekness and purity, thus bringing younger prisoners to faith in God, he was put in an unheated cell in solitary confinement, on a starvation diet, for four months.

Informers have also been planted in his camp group to trap him. The prison authorities deliberately beat up prisoners before his eyes, knowing that he can't stop himself from interfering, thus laying himself open to charges which could deprive him of freedom till 1994.

For nearly two years he and his family have been denied contact with each other. Messages from fellow prisoners, however, indicate that his spirit is unquenched.

Only once have the authorities allowed him a concession.



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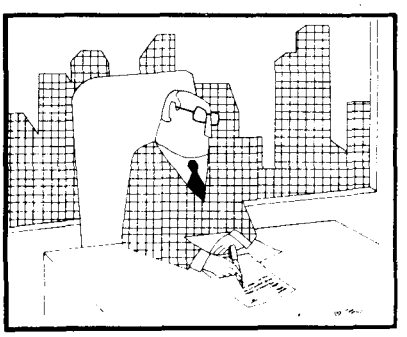
This was on July 19, 1983, just before the WCC Assembly, when a priest visited him, heard his confession and gave him a Bible. This unprecedented action was, as his friend Shcheglov explained sadly to Western correspondents, merely a propaganda ploy. Priests are normally never allowed access to prisoners.

FEW PRIESTS could afford to do what Father Gleb has done. There are so few of them around with the character, intellectual grasp, and holiness to cope with the new influx of converts that their flocks entreat them to keep a low profile so as to avoid arrest. Recent signs, however, show that even such priests are not immune. Father Alexander Pivarov, an outstanding priest who had chosen to work in a remote part of Siberia, has been sentenced to three-and-a-half years for the crime of distributing privately-produced religious literature to his flock. Father Gleb's close friend Alexander Men, who had helped Gleb after his own period of teenage rebellion to return to the church, is also threatened with arrest.

Nevertheless, there is always the need for one man to stand up and say out loud what nearly everyone thinks. In Deacon Vladimir Rusak, who sent an appeal to the WCC in Vancouver, Father Gleb seems at last to have found a successor. How he would agree with Rusak's concluding words: "I believe in the Lord; I love my church, feel concern for its future, and wish to serve it — but not by a compromise of conscience, that price which is exacted from our church leadership and which I am being urged to pay. I am in total agreement with the writer Anatoli Levitin, (a leading lay dissident of the sixties, and Father Gleb's uncle) that it is unnecessary for the church to board any ship when it can walk upon the waters. . . ."



CONTINENTAL FOLLIES

The government buys a bank

DAVID BENSMAN

"Banking continues to be the home of the brainless American theory of political economy which demands lots and lots of competition in which nobody ever gets hurt."
Martin Mayer
The Bankers

THE Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation's red-faced bailout of the Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust Co., the largest corporate rescue in U.S. history, raises serious questions about the future of bank deregulation. Just four years ago, the free marketeers who dominate Congress passed a bill freeing banks of many of the restrictions put into place in the Progressive and New Deal eras. Now Rep. Fernand St. Germain (D-R.I.), one of the authors of the landmark legislation of 1980, is conducting committee hearings to determine whether deregulation has gone too far. A chorus of critics well endowed with hindsight is urging remedial action.

The free marketeers deny the problem: as Federal Reserve Board Chairman Paul Volcker told Congress in late July, Continental's errors were unique, and would not be repeated. And the *Wall Street Journal* editorialized that excessive regulation caused the bank to falter; removing restrictions in the future will ensure that banks can weather their mistakes without Federal assistance. Amidst all the conflicting claims, competing ideologies, and complex changes in international finance, what lessons should be drawn from the costly fiasco?

Congress created the Federal Reserve System in 1913 and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation in 1933 to accomplish one paramount task: to insure the stability of our nation's currency and financial system. Regulation succeeded: for nearly fifty years, few banks failed, savers and borrowers were secure, and corporations could transact business without worrying about their media of exchange, their dollars and their checks.

But there were drawbacks. Small savers received low interest rates. Bank services were poor. Technology lagged. Customers seeking loans found lending officers passive and exceedingly conservative. And for the bankers themselves, there was a crucial concern: bank profits lagged behind the earnings of other businesses.

Beginning in the 1950s, bankers explored routes of escape from their regulated haven. They expanded their business overseas, where they could operate more freely. They enlarged their deposit base by offering interest-bearing checking accounts. They sought out customers more aggressively. They created high-interest certificates of deposit, to attract more savings. They branched out in ever-widening geographical areas. They created holding companies to buy other banks and

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businesses. And they began to push Congress and the Federal Reserve to relax the regulatory web.

Under the Reagan administration, this has meant substituting the "discipline of the market" for government regulations. Depositors and investors are supposed to place their funds with well-run banks, and shun the reckless or incompetent. Bankers and investors that fail to heed the market's signals are to be allowed to fail; in the past three years, dozens of banks have closed down, which in less rigorous days would have been given federal loans until they repaired their balance sheets.

The banks' success at freeing the financial system has had its benefits. Forced to compete for deposits, banks had to lengthen their business hours, and improve their customer services. Now small savers can earn much higher interest rates than they earned in the past. Entrepreneurs receive warmer welcomes in lending offices. And slowly but surely, bank technology is moving into the computer age. A dramatic symbol: the "float," which used to cost bank depositors as much as twenty days interest, is now a thing of the past at many money-center banks.

But even before the Continental disaster, problems had emerged. The banks' competition for deposits was driving up short-term interest rates, discouraging long-term investment. Rural and old urban neighborhoods have seen their deposits drained to the money centers and overseas. High American interest rates drained capital from third-world and even European countries, disrupting development plans and internal currency alignments. But worst of all, deregulation brought a new instability into the American financial system.

Well before the Continental problems surfaced, American banks got caught with their pants down when they plunged into real estate in the 1970s, lured by fantasies of unending inflation. Few laymen remember the "liquidity crunch" that resulted, but it was only a decade ago that the banks' speculative losses in real estate caused jitters on Wall Street and restricted the availability of credit for those who had productive investments in mind. The embarrassing failure of the Franklin National Bank was a portent of things to come.

WHEN THAT liquidity crunch was washed away by the inflationary tide of the late 1970s, free marketeers crowed that the centers had held, and the banks had learned their lessons. But there is evidence to the contrary. Bank failures in the past five years have exceeded those of the preceding forty-five, and the FDIC's losses have multiplied in dizzying fashion.

Most striking of all is the utter insouciance with which America's leading banks lent to uncreditworthy borrowers overseas. Banks are not the only institutions deserving credit for the international debt crisis, for many people in high places cheered the banks on as they made loans for harebrained projects, as they financed impossible development plans, as they abetted borrowers who should have known they could never repay their debt. But the banks deserve their share as well. Apparently they believed that they couldn't lose; regardless of what happened to the economies of Poland, Argentina, or Brazil, the federal government would have to bail them out or precipitate a worldwide economic collapse. Their reasoning was correct, even if their economic projections weren't. But what a shameless performance! At the same time that the banks were pressing Congress to pass the deregulation bill in 1980, they were taking on billions of dollars of shaky loans based on the assumption that the government would bail them out.

Which brings us to Continental. The Continental Illinois debacle serves as a textbook example of the perils of free-market banking. Until the mid-1960s, Continental was a regional bank, serving Chicago-area businesses. Its size was limited by Illinois banking law, which prohibited branch-banking in order to make sure that depositors' savings would be reinvested locally. But then Continental caught the fever that was inflaming America's money-center banks, and the regional giant developed world-wide ambitions.

The free marketeers' argument that Continental's problems were caused in part by excessive regulation goes like this: Continental was vulnerable to a "run" on its deposits in May of 1984 because an Illinois law against branch banking prevented the bank from building a large local deposit base in the Chicago metropolitan area. Thus, when international purchasers of multi-million dollar certificates of deposit panicked at rumors of trouble, the unhappy giant had nothing to fall back on.

This reasoning begs a simple question: if Continental's deposit base was limited, why did it take on more than $40 billion worth of obligations? Why did the bank think it could use "hot money" (short-term deposits at high-interest rates) to fund long-term loans? Continental had large ambitions without resources to match. Somehow, in the relaxed regulatory environment, the bank was allowed to follow its ambition to the point where it was brought to shame.

What about the free marketeers' second line of defense, that Continental's collapse was a result of uniquely bad management? At first glance, this argument seems hard to refute. When one reads of the head of Continental's midcontinent oil and gas division accepting hundreds of thousands of dollars of personal loans from Penn Square and then buying more than $1 billion of that bank's poorly collateralized oil loans; or when one reads of a Continental executive taking a job with Nucorp and then selling his former employer hundreds of millions of dollars of loans in a failing company; when one reads of

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Continental executives repeatedly ignoring explicit warnings about their Penn Square holdings until much too late; and when one reads of Continental's top officers deciding to sell their credit card subsidiary in order to increase the bank's dividend payout, it's hard to believe such behavior is widespread.

But . . . then one remembers that Continental's bad judgment on Penn Square was shared by Seafirst, Michigan National, and Chase Manhattan; that its heedless plunge into international lending was exceeded by Manufacturers Hanover and many others; that only five years ago Continental's chief regional rival, First National of Chicago, was in dire straits; that just last year Chase Manhattan was reported to be insolvent; and that concern about Manufacturers Hanover shook financial markets just three months ago.

It would seem, at this point, that the burden of proof must lie with those, like William J. Isaac of the FDIC, and Paul Volcker of the Federal Reserve, who hold that our problems are now behind us. Just as the enormity of Continental's plight did not emerge until it was forced to open its books to would-be purchasers, are we not entitled to ask what lies below the tip of the banking iceberg? If the relaxed regulators did not inform us until they were forced to that Continental's problems included shaky loans to Nucorp, Wickes, and many of the other corporate basket cases of the 1980s, should we not expect that the same holds true of the bank's competitors? Only the willfully naive can believe that Continental was alone in its recklessness.

AND ONLY the naive will believe that the "market" exerts adequate discipline on the banking system. Nothing that has emerged from the collapse of Continental is quite so clear as that neither bankers nor federal regulators can be counted on to divulge bad news: both fear provoking a run on deposits. And if the market doesn't know what's happening, how can it punish poor performance before it's too late?

The bottom line is that deregulation has produced a competitive and unstable banking industry. Spurred by competition from rival banks, insurance companies, brokerage houses, and other financial institutions, banks can no longer afford to play it safe. They can't make easy money by paying depositors lower interest rates. There's no longer easy money in the float. A commercial paper market competes with banks for corporate customers. Wealthy people and institutions can choose among money market funds and government securities that compete with the instruments banks offer. Banks now must pay high interest rates to attract deposits, and they have to take greater risks to generate high interest loans. This is standard operating procedure for capitalist economies with one important difference: if a manufacturing business, for example, fails to survive the competitive wars, it can cease operations, or be taken over by another corporation without much pain for society as a whole. But when a bank runs aground, it's another matter. Continental's shipwreck has shaken the confidence of borrowers and lenders throughout the world. American banks have had to raise their interest rates to attract deposits from the newly wary. The debt burden borne by Argentina, Brazil, and other hard-pressed nations has increased correspondingly. And that's all short-term. If Messrs. Volcker and Isaac are proven wrong, and Continental is followed by another bank that misjudges the competitive tides, the massive wealth-generating capitalist system will lose its moorings.

In short, whatever the merits of a free market for most business sectors, it makes no sense in banking. One generation learned that lesson fifty years ago. We can't afford short memories.

Screen

LIGHT & FOREBODING

TANNER SI, GODARD NO

JEAN-LUC GODARD'S *First Name: Carmen*, an updating of Prosper Mérimée's *Carmen*, is Godard seen through a glass lightly—mellow, tired Godard. The familiar traits of this consistently personal moviemaker remain: the improvisatory, even random, form; his experimental fragmentation of sound and narrative (evident here in three leitmotifs: a quartet playing Beethoven, nocturnal city scenes, the low beating of waves on a beach); his misogynous tendencies; the pretensions to deep philosophical truths, the "in" references to other movies. But these traits are generally muted, not unlike the semi-catatonic character played by Godard himself (as a moviemaker).

It is an elegantly disheveled film. The precision of the photography oddly counterpoints the casually offhand scenes and dismembered sound. At his best Godard, by force of style, can sketch a key moment expressively. Overlapping time in two shots from different angles, in a gracefully operatic stylization, he shows the development of Carmen and Joseph from combatants (grappling for a gun in the first shot) to lovers (exhausted, they roll into embrace in the second). But more often Godard's touch is not so light. In the midst of a hotel shoot-out, a man reading a newspaper is blithely unaware both of the police and the terrorists (led by Carmen). But several more shots are added to underline this quasi-surreal moment; the pleasantly thrown-away joke becomes an aggressively belabored one.

First Name: Carmen ends with a title: In memoriam small movies. It's a paradox that Godard, entranced by the "small" qualities of American movies and peppering his own movies with homages to them, makes movies that, even with small budgets, are inflated and ponderous. His pioneering experiments with technique, rather than being meshed smoothly into the narrative (as in small movies), are more self-consciously displayed (as here). It's as if they possess an identity apart from the movie in which they happen to find themselves. And, left unintegrated, his innovations become repetitive and self-indulgent.

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Godard has also indulged himself in his demeaning attitude towards women. In an homage to Alfred Hitchcock's *The 39 Steps*, the hero and heroine are tied together at the wrist in one scene. But rather than the amusing and subtle implications underplayed by Hitchcock (who knew very well how to make small movies), this scene develops nastily: Joseph drags Carmen into a men's room; she pulls down her panties and sits on a urinal, watched closely both by Joseph and a stranger. An attempted rape in a shower with a particularly degrading aftermath, and several aggressive proposals of sexual assaults, hardly improve the tone.

The con artist in Godard, with his intellectual pretensions, is most evident in his own role: Godard as Orson Welles—rumpled and unshaven, unable to raise money for his movies, self-pitying, the artist as victim. Bitterly declaiming throughout, he occasionally refers to a slide rule as if finding his words in mathematical calculations.

The metaphor is appropriate. There is a bloodless and remote quality about Godard, sheltered behind the safety of his abstruseness. His relationship to the audience is adversarial rather than communicative. The scatter-shot technique and false profundities are like the antics of a self-consciously naughty child; their shock value and freshness, with time, have inevitably faded.

After all, even an *enfant terrible* has to grow up eventually—if only to become a *parent terrible*. And it is true that Godard has indeed been parent to a generation of film makers; most serious movie makers, post-Godard, are to some measure in his debt.

THE SWISS moviemaker, Alan Tanner, is clearly one who has been influenced by Godard. With *In the White City*, he has made a smoothly assured movie which is crisp and classically under control. It is an extremely beautiful film, mysterious and haunting. A movie all of one piece—the slow movement of a symphony perhaps, or a ruminative blues number.

Tanner captures the gradual deterioration of a Swiss engineer, Paul (Bruno Ganz), who jumps ship in Lisbon and slowly withdraws into a cocoon of timelessness. Languages swirl around him like a blast from the Tower of Babel (French, English, Portuguese, German). He pushes himself to his limits, even flirting with death in a knifing over stolen money.

As in Godard's films the feeling here is improvisatory and casual, the form fragmented. Following the pattern of his previous movies, Tanner reveals his characters through disjointed vignettes. But, unlike Godard, he explores an alienated life in a way that is not, in itself, either boring or abstruse. Tanner's is a vibrant and complex film, calmed by its formal precision.

The Super-8 home movies that Paul mails back to Elisa, his lover in Switzerland, are a critical element of this form. And the startling, even unsettling, silence as well as the plaintive wailing of a saxophone, in which these grainy shots are alternately bathed, adds greatly to the melancholy tone of *In the White City*. At first they are simply moving-picture postcards (Paul mugs self-consciously for the camera, as would any self-respecting tourist); soon he uses them to record his love affair with Rosa, a young Portuguese woman (played movingly by Teresa Madruga); finally, as the affair goes awry, Paul's home movies begin to indicate his disintegration into a primitive, almost animalistic, state (aimless shots of water, buildings, drying laundry, cobbled streets devoid of people and human contact). In the film's final scene, having sold his camera in order to buy a train ticket home, he looks at a beautiful woman across from him in the train's compartment. Lacking his usual means of dealing with reality, his imagination literally seizes the camera's role as the film ends with a Super-8 shot of the woman, from his point-of-view (a transcendent, and uniquely cinematic, moment).

In contrast to these grainy films-within-the-film, the photography of *In the White City* is soothing and sharp-edged, with painterly compositions and harmonious colors that seem natural and unforced. Yet at times the photography is as highly stylized as an MGM musical (shots of Paul and Elisa, as they read aloud their letters, bathed in theatrical lighting) or as pedestrian as a documentary (Lisbon's streets at night). This profusion of the ways of seeing keeps Tanner's film offbeat and unpredictable.

There is a sense about this movie of the understated physical recording of the story (there is very little dialogue or philosophizing). The tone is evocative rather than provoca-

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tive. It is a seamless movie, unfolding organically and apparently without effort; its effect, like the placing of piece next to piece in a mosaic, is cumulative. But it is not an easy movie. One must find one's own interpretations, somewhere submerged in the leisurely pace of those scenes, so jaggedly assembled and left unabashedly without explanation.

It's worth the effort. For, like the greatest jazz, *In the White City* has that magical combination of opposites: relaxed and low-key and yet, at the same time, rigorously structured. It's intriguing also that, a movie of whiteness and light, it is, as well, somber, even foreboding. And Tanner spins this magic quietly and without fanfare. NICHOLAS MACDONALD

(Nicholas Macdonald, a guest critic reviewing films for Commonweal, *is an independent moviemaker.)*

ORWELL & CATHOLICISM

The religious fellow traveler

JOHN RODDEN

SPEAKING of the high literary reputation in England of Communist fellow traveler Sean O'Casey, George Orwell remarked in 1945: ". . . a dog does not praise its fleas, but this is somewhat contradicted by the special status enjoyed in this country by Irish Nationalist writers." One might say the same about Orwell's warm reception in religious circles, despite his career of biting attacks against believers, especially Catholics.

The acclaim began even before the 1946 publication of *Animal Farm*, with the appearance a few months earlier of *Dickens, Dali and Others*, Orwell's first American essay collection. "Mr. Orwell is a man we Catholics ought to get on reading terms with," a reviewer for the Jesuit magazine *America* declared, "for he is very definitely on our side."

Nothing could have been further from Orwell's professed intent. In the spring of 1931 he explained to Old Etonian and Catholic acquaintance Christopher Hollis why he regularly read the Catholic press: "I like to see what the enemy is up to." Typically, Orwell found that "the enemy" was up to no good, and he pulled no punches in his war of words against Catholics, especially Catholic intellectual apologists. After spotting a Bible Society sign noting that the local Protestant shop did not carry the Catholics' Douay Bible, Orwell wrote in August, 1931, to a friend: "Long may they fight, I say; so long as that spirit is in the land we are safe from the RCs."

Much of Orwell's work shared that anti-Catholic spirit. He mocked the Catholic and Anglican priesthood and notions of heaven in *Down and Out in Paris and London* and *A Clergyman's Daughter*, frequently denounced "Romanism" as the ecclesiastical equivalent of Stalinism in his journalism and in *The Road to Wigan Pier*, and castigated the Spanish church in *Homage to Catalonia*. The onslaught against religious belief and Catholicism in particular continued with the satiric figures of Moses the Raven and Sugarcandy Mountain in *Animal Farm*, and O'Brien's power-crazed rhetoric associating political with religious orthodoxy in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

Yet Orwell's passing comment that Graham Greene "might become our first Catholic fellow traveler" was nevertheless in effect applied, with a sharp shift in emphasis on the phrase's last two words, to Orwell himself by postwar critics. "There is no reason why, at least in Chestertonian geography," a critic for the *Dublin Review* put it shortly after Orwell's death, "one should not travel the path to Rome by the road to Wigan Pier. . . . In this vale of tears we are all fellow travelers."

Tributes to Orwell like these from believers — and posthumous conversions of him — became frequent during the 1950s. Even acquaintances of Orwell, like Christopher Hollis, argued (in a full-length critical study of Orwell's work) that Orwell "half-understood" the need for God, and that his thought "pointed in the direction" of religious belief. Indeed, despite Orwell's frequent and scathing assaults on "the stinking RC," Orwell's enthusiastic history of reception in Catholic periodicals rivals that of many leading Catholic writers.

Catholic (and non-Catholic) intellectuals have compared Orwell and his work favorably with the outlook and writings of G.K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, Evelyn Waugh, Charles Péguy, Léon Bloy, Jacques Maritain and Graham Greene. Orwell invited many of these comparisons. He had written of some with qualified admiration. He knew Greene and Waugh personally, and respected much of their work. Orwell's remarks on Catholicism — often couched in sharp comparisons and contrasts with Communism, Anglicanism, Judaism and anti-Semitism — show the curiously antinomian character of his religious thought, and how politically schematized and blinkered it could be. The paradoxically warm response of Catholics to Orwell illumines the larger pattern of Orwell's reception on the right in the 1950s, and illustrates how observers project selected aspects of a thinker's work onto the author's whole corpus.

Many observers have fairly noted that Orwell had "a blind spot" when it came to religion, dismissing it as an otherworldly evasion of the here-and-now's problems. "Religion," which Orwell often discussed in the singular as a monolithic and anachronistic institution, was not a subject to which he directed sustained attention. Both as a force in

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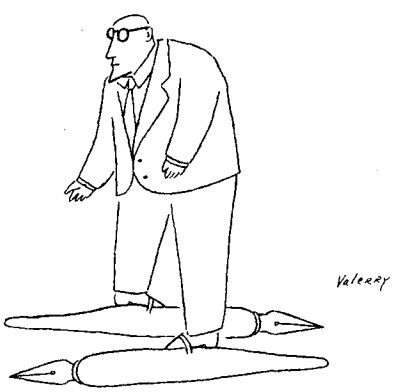
people's lives and simply as a system of belief, "religion" seemed to him on the historical wane, a topic hardly worth one's attention, except as it impinged on the pressing problems of poverty, imperialism, and totalitarianism. This attitude sometimes led him to absurd assertions like one in *The Lion and the Unicorn* (repeated in a later work despite an editorial reader's protests) that "the common people are without definite religious belief, and have been so for centuries" — overlooking the importance in Britain of nineteenth-century Methodism and pious people like Mr. and Mrs. Pithers in *A Clergyman's Daughter* whom he ridiculed for their superstitious faith.

"Religion" to Orwell amounted to "pie in the sky." When he thought of believers he dealt in stereotypes like Mr. Pithers, who says to his wife at the end of each suffering day, "Never you mind, my dear, we ain't far off from heaven now." Orwell often voiced the reductive and simpleminded opinion that socialists and progressive-minded people believe in (and therefore engage life more fully and directly) "this world," while people of religious faith believe in the escapist "other world." Although Orwell once pointed out to *Tribune* readers that Marx's famous phrase "religion is the opium of the people" really meant that religion was something created by people to meet a real need rather than "a dope handed out from above," he often talked in his journalism and through figures like Moses the Raven as if he meant precisely the latter. In Orwell's post-Enlightenment view, intellectual disburdenment of religion was in effect a stage in the progress of the species toward maturity. To be a skeptic was to be "grown up." And yet, when Orwell directly confronted the work of a believer like Chesterton, Greene or Waugh, he could drop his knee-jerk reponse and admit the quality of the thinker's mind and his work's value. Waugh reportedly visited Orwell in the hospital during Orwell's last months, and returned once with the verdict that Orwell was "very near to God." When Waugh's remark got back to him, Orwell groused with a smile, "Waugh is about as good a novelist as one can be while holding untenable opinions."

ORWELL identified the "Catholic" outlook by a tiny number of vocal intellectual adherents rather than by its popular membership — a practice he sharply criticized in *Wigan Pier* when "book-trained socialists" treated Marxist intellectuals as if they actually spoke for workers. Although Orwell never devoted any sustained attention to Christianity or to Catholicism in particular, it is startling to see, piecing together scattered references in his journalistic writings, to what degree the lines of his thought pertaining to Catholics, Jews and Communists ran on parallel tracks.

So occupied was Orwell with questions



pertaining to Catholics and Jews in light of English political conditions that he saw the two groups in diametrically opposed terms, never giving attention to anything like a Judeo-Christian tradition. Sometimes he confused Judaism and anti-Semitism, lumping questions of religious belief, ethnicity, and politics together. Orwell always judged Catholics and Jews from the outside, by quantitative measures, never asking (as he did so effectively in exploring the outlooks of tramps and miners) how members themselves saw their faith, what alleged "needs" specific faiths satisfied for members, nor how different faiths contribute to British society. He saw Catholicism as intellectually fashionable, hierarchically structured and politically influential, and conservative or even fascist in political tendency. These three criteria — fashion, power and organization, and political tendency — governed virtually all of Orwell's reflections on Catholicism.

Fashion. In a deathbed journal entry Orwell remarked of Evelyn Waugh: "One cannot really be a Catholic and grown up." By contrast, in condemning Ezra Pound's wartime radio broadcasts for Mussolini, Orwell declared: "Anti-Semitism is simply not the doctrine of a grown-up person." Orwell's resonant language here, linking faddish anti-Semitism and Catholicism with what he viewed as the schoolboy mentalities of most 1930s Oxbridge-educated London intellectuals, is representative of his tendency to organize religious topics in compartmentalized extra-religious categories. He particularly despised Catholicism in the 1930s because he saw it as an intellectual fad, concluding one 1948 column in which he compared Communist intellectuals with 1930s Catholic intellectuals: "If you do not like Communism, you are a Red-baiter. . . . Similarly, when Catholicism was almost as fashionable among the English intelligentsia as Communism is now, anyone who said that the Catholic church was a sinister organization was promptly accused of swallowing the worst follies of No-Popery organizations, of looking under his bed lest Jesuits should be concealed there, of believing stories about babies' skeletons dug up from the floors of nunneries, and all the rest of it." Orwell concluded on a note of self-congratulation: "But a few people stuck to their opinion, and I think it is safe to say that the Catholic church is less fashionable now than it was then."

One often suspects that Orwell the fashion hater is chiefly intent on decrying a fashion. "There are two journalistic activities that will always bring you a comeback," Orwell told 1944 *Tribune* readers. "One is to attack the Catholics, and the other is to defend the Jews." Orwell relished comebacks. But he also possessed an overwhelming empathy for victims and underdogs which disposed him to defend the weak and ostracized against the strong, almost irrespective of politics.

Power and Organization. Orwell rightly saw that power worship itself had become an intellectual fad, typified by intellectuals' admiration for Stalin and Hitler. He maintained that London intel-

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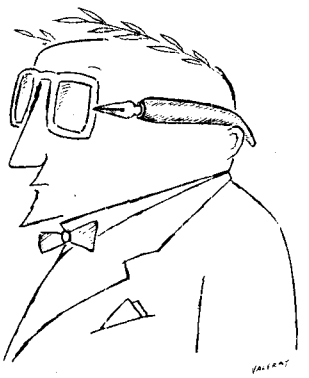
lectuals' attraction to Catholicism was also a form of power worship. When he spoke of Catholicism, Orwell invariably referred to intellectuals — and intellectual converts at that. This contrasted sharply with his view of Britain's 400,000 Jews. Although *Nineteen Eighty-Four*'s Emmanuel Goldstein is the image of the Jew as intellectual which many readers identify with Orwell's work, when Orwell thought of the Jews in Britain, he often thought not so much of intellectuals as of a common people, many of them desperately clinging to standards of craftsmanship and to a dissenting tradition — two signal characteristics of nineteenth-century English Noncomformity. Orwell spoke fondly of England's Jews as if they were some lost William Morris-like ideal of English socialism, for they "have failed to keep up with the modern tendency toward big amalgamations, and have remained fixed in those trades which are necessarily carried out on a small scale and by old-fashioned methods." Owning no more than a few department store chains and a couple of newspapers, Jews were not, Orwell said, "numerous or powerful enough" to pose a problem.

To a degree, Orwell's different descriptions of Catholics and Jews were merely a polemical strategy aimed at undercutting Catholic popular influence. Orwell accurately observed more than once that most of Britain's two million 1940s Catholics were poor Irish laborers, and he certainly knew that far less than one percent of Catholics in Britain were intellectual converts. He judged it significant that many prominent intellectual converts (including Chesterton, Christopher Hollis, Evelyn Waugh, Monsignor Ronald Knox, and Arnold Lunn) were attracted to Catholicism. Unlike T.S. Eliot, they had not embraced Anglicanism, but rather "the Church with the worldwide organization, the one with a rigid discipline, the one with power and prestige behind it." Indeed Catholic writers like D.B. Wyndham Lewis and J.B. Morton, Orwell said, combined foreign leader-worship with hatred of England. They "denigrat [ed] England and [the] Protestant countries generally," along with "every English



institution — tea, cricket, Wordsworth, Charlie Chaplin, kindness to animals, Nelson, Cromwell, and what not." "Born" Catholics, Orwell argued, were more patriotic and less crankish. Spiritual roots, patriotic spirit, and appreciation for ordinary life went together, Orwell thought. The deep feeling of Chesterton for the common man and English popular culture explain Orwell's otherwise peculiar fondness for him.

Political Tendency. The collaboration of the Spanish church with Franco in the Spanish Civil War hardened Orwell's anti-Catholicism, though his hostile attitude is evident in his book reviews of the early 1930s. He considered Catholicism's overall political tendency plainly fascist, distinguishing it from Anglicanism, which did not "impose any political 'line' " on its followers. He maintained that the rigid doctrines which "orthodox" Catholics upheld handicapped them severely as writers — just as Communist ideology disabled left writers. Because Orwell saw the novel as a genre portraying the individual's struggle against society and conformity, Orwell argued that the paucity of good Catholic novels historically was proof that "orthodox believers" were "intellectually crippled" and "mentally unfree": "The fact is that some themes cannot be celebrated in words, and tyranny is one of them."

Orwell had no doubt in late 1941 that "the bulk of the hierarchy and the intelligentsia would side with Germany" against "godless Russia" if given the chance. But hatred of Russia was not, Orwell believed, the prime reason for Catholic pro-fascist sympathies. "The Roman Catholic ideal," Orwell claimed, is always "in favor of private ownership and against socialist ownership and 'progress' generally." He noted with contempt that several English Catholic intellectuals had successively supported Mussolini, Franco, and appeasement. All this was in sharp contrast to Jewish anti-fascism, as Orwell saw it. He believed that Judaism's emphasis on individualism, the absence of a Jewish bureaucracy, and the political effects of Britain's mild anti-Semitism had combined constructively to exclude Jews from the official circles which bred rightist mentalities, and to render Judaism itself compatible with progressive political aims.

Only an obsessive anti-Catholicism, however, could have led Orwell to overestimate so grossly the church's power in his observation that, if New York University political theorist James Burnham's vision of an "American Empire" prevailed as a countervailing force against potential USSR global hegemony, "the strongest influence in it would probably be that of the Roman Catholic church." And although Christian socialism and Catholic socialist parties were widely supported on the continent, Orwell also insisted in "Toward European Unity" that the church's existence "made true socialism impossible, because its influence is and always must be against freedom of thought and speech, against human equality, and against any form of society tending to promote earthly happiness." But Orwell did not only attack Catholicism on this score. He considered Zionism no better than Jewish Stalinism. Orwell criticized the *Tribune*'s postwar "overemphasis" in support of it, and once declared to *Tribune* editor and Labor party leader Aneurin Bevan that British Zionists were only "a bunch of Wardour Street Jews who have a controlling influence over the British press."

YET DESPITE Orwell's criticism of religion in general and Catholicism in particular, Catholic critics had paradoxically turned him by the mid-fifties into a Crusader-by-impressment, a foot-dragging religious fellow traveler. One could well understand it if Orwell were merely being reclaimed posthumously as

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a radical Dissenter in the Protestant tradition. He saw himself as an agnostic and freethinker, and he was confirmed in the Anglican church and requested an Anglican burial service. Unsurprisingly, Protestants uninterested in "Chestertonian geography" and "the path to Rome" have also hailed Orwell as a pilgrim Christian without faith. "If I were asked to name people whom I consider true Christians," wrote W.H. Auden, once a victim of Orwell's attacks on "the pansy left," "the name of George Orwell is one of the first that would come to mind."

But what did Catholics see in Orwell which appealed so strongly? Why were they willing to overlook, even welcome, his harsh criticism of the church?

Catholic critics in the 1950s admired Orwell because they discerned a special integrity in his writings and style of life. They also found in his work parallels with their own views, and sometimes sought to use him as a weapon in their own internal politicking against (or sometimes inside) the left. Catholic writers noted explicit affinities in religious thought between Orwell's outlook and their Christian outlook. They admired his uncompromising independence of mind, accepting his criticism as the fire of a man passionately committed to the truth. Placing V.S. Pritchett's famous obituary characterization of Orwell as "a kind of saint" and "the conscience of his generation" within a Catholic framework, they came to see Orwell as Chesterton's "good agnostic." "People are already beginning to speak of him as a saint," observed a Jesuit in 1957 in an Irish review. "They mean the word in no orthodox sense, but it is easy to understand and to sympathize." Even Arnold Lunn, whom Orwell had savaged in numerous columns, wrote a sympathetic memoir of him. Headlined "The Testimony of an Honest Man," a 1953 *Commonweal* review of Orwell's *Such, Such Were the Joys*, a collection of essays, drew attention to Orwell's attacks upon the Spanish church, on Chesterton's anti-Semitism, and on Catholic propaganda and fascist tendencies. The reviewer concluded: "This is a ruthlessly honest book. . . . It should be required reading for conscious Catholics." In an editorial that same year, *Commonweal* called Orwell "an honest man — an appallingly honest and consequently quite lonely man," recommending that President Eisenhower find and listen to "a single unsyndicated voice" like Orwell's. Catholic critics took Orwell's criticism willingly because he chastised the left-wing intelligentsia no less harshly. He "never sacrificed integrity for [left] 'orthodoxy,' " one Catholic reviewer put it approvingly — precisely what he refused to do with Christians, too.

Orwell also seemed to Catholic intellectuals a man who, when all was said and done, was in their camp. For in Orwell's realization that modern man's decaying belief in immortality was (in his words) "the major problem of our time," he recognized, said one reviewer, that "the fundamental problem of the world is spiritual." In this Orwell clearly differed from Marxists, technocrats and other leftists whom the church typically opposed. Agreement between themselves and Orwell on the need to restore what Orwell called "the religious attitude," by whatever means, struck many Catholic critics as more important than their differences. Catholic critics also found that they shared with Orwell some long-standing antagonists, such as "the birth control people." Orwell and Catholics' common meeting ground in criticism of left-wing Russophiles indicates, too, that Catholic critics identified with and found appealing Orwell's conservative streak in his leftist stance.

Although Orwell himself noted that Catholicism and conservatism should not be automatically equated — pointing to Greene's leftist politics as an example — he usually did equate them in the British 1940s through politically conservative publications like *The Tablet*, the London Catholic weekly. And Orwell's surprisingly cordial reception among Catholics in the 1950s does mirror in microcosm the wider pattern of his enthusiastic postwar reception among conservatives generally. Whether writing for neoliberal or conservative organs, some postwar Catholic critics did convert Orwell, implicitly or explicitly, from a church hater into a man of grace — just as some 1950s conservatives like Hollis and Russell Kirk transformed this left-wing Labor party supporter into a would-be conservative or a disillusioned socialist, respectively. Wrote one 1955 *America* reviewer: "One thing [Orwell] never forgot: 'When men stop worshiping God, they promptly start worshiping man, with disastrous results. . . . Anyone who can understand this is surely not far from the seat of understanding and grace." Christopher Hollis, by this time a Conservative M.P., argued the following year: "His main complaint against the Conservative party is that it failed to conserve. Man, he thought, needed . . . ownership of property in a simple straightforward way, to know, to see and to handle what was his own." But Orwell thought conservative politicians had betrayed conservatism's ideals, said Hollis: "Orwell despaired of the conservatives because the conservatives despaired of conservatism."

Such interpretations demanded downplaying or overlooking important evidence about Orwell's self-declared agnosticism and democratic socialism. These kinds of reclamation efforts were facilitated by misunderstandings about *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. Despite their criticisms of religion, these books' frontal assaults on Stalinism (and the British Labor party) popularized Orwell as the anti-Communist Jeremiah, the doomsday prophet. The widespread circulation of this image made it easy for 1950s and '60s Catholic intellectuals, and conservatives generally, to blink at or gloss over differences with Orwell — especially since most of his anti-Catholic *Tribune* criticism was not widely known until publication of the 1968 *Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters* (*CEJL*).

Orwell's hard-headed, this-worldly orientation and stress on individual human dignity is probably closer to rationalism, humanism, or personalism than to any established religion, and some followers of these philosophies have also inducted Orwell as an honorary member. But nowhere in his work does Orwell make any specific references to these philosophies. Despite unmistakable affinities between his apparent religious thinking and these philosophies' outlooks, and also his having close

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friends (like humanist Brenda Salkeld) who identified themselves by such names, Orwell never bothered formally to align himself with these groups or to call himself by these or any other sectarian labels. This disregard has doubtless made it more possible even for groups to which Orwell was openly antagonistic, like Catholics, to interpret his occasional religious pronouncements as reconcilable with their own central preoccupations.

With the arrival of 1984, neoconservatives like Norman Podhoretz and socialists like Irving Howe raised the question as to "where Orwell would stand today" on current political questions ranging from the nuclear freeze to the comparative merits of Soviet and American foreign policies. Observers voiced similar questions about Orwell's possible positions through the fifties and sixties, on the Suez crisis and the Vietnam War, for example. It is interesting to note that a 1969 *Commonweal* reviewer of *CEJL*, while conceding that guesses about Orwell's political positions in the sixties were "interesting if futile speculations," also could not resist asking what Orwell's attitude would be toward the church "in the post-Vatican II and post-*Humanae Vitae* period."

And indeed, what about 1984? What would he say about the church in light of present-day ecumenical efforts? About liberation theology? About the pro-life movement? The odd thing is not that the questions are in a sense absurd, for Orwell is dead thirty-four years and it is impossible to extrapolate from a man's writings what he would say about events after his death — but that most Orwell critics *admit* straight off that the questions *are* absurd — and yet still feel drawn to ask them. This much can be said today about George Orwell and Catholicism: surely he would find it more difficult than in the 1930s and 40s to locate the church on the right side of the political spectrum. And doubtless he would be surprised (and most disquieted) to find his one-time "enemy" claiming that the road to Wigan Pier was also the path to Rome.

Books: EARTH, AIR, LIFE, WATER—CITIES

Cities, for Oliver, were not a part of nature. He could hardly feel, he could hardly admit when it was pointed out to him, that cities are a second body for the human mind, a second organism, more rational, permanent, and decorative than the animal organism of flesh and bone: a work of natural yet moral art, where the soul sets up her trophies of action and instruments of pleasure.

George Santayana,
quoted in *Paterson*, Book Three,
William Carlos Williams

THE GRANITE GARDEN

URBAN NATURE AND HUMAN DESIGN

Anne Whiston Spirn

Basic Books, $25.95, 400 pp.

Rosemary Booth

THE CITY has been variously characterized, but in its contemporary guise at least it has often been perceived as majestic, virile, all but invulnerable. Numerous poets have limned this vitality, from Wordsworth's portrayal of regal London at the start of the industrial era ("This City now doth like a garment wear / The beauty of the morning") to Hart Crane's exulting in the urban transformations of twentieth-century America ("Macadam, gun-grey as the tunny's belt, / Leaps from Far Rockaway to Golden Gate") and Carl Sandburg's sonorous Chicago litany ("Hog Butcher for the World, / Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat . . . / City of the Big Shoulders"). It comes as a jolt, then, to confront the decline and vulnerability of modern urban settlements. It is this aspect of the urban scene — the city as fragile human construct — that Anne Whiston Spirn depicts in her book, *The Granite Garden*, aptly subtitled, "Urban Nature and Human Design."

The author is a landscape architect and environmental planner who teaches in the Department of Landscape Architecture at the Graduate School of Design of Harvard University. Much of this book appears to have grown out of first-hand experience solving urban problems. Briefly, the author's approach is to establish a problem, construct a framework for its analysis, and work to its resolution, drawing numerous examples from various cities and time periods. Graphic illustrations also abound.

One central and urgent problem she poses is that of the decaying urban infrastructure in the United States. Sewage, water supply, and storm drainage systems demand refurbishing or reconstruction within the next decade. Another is the contamination of air, water, soil, and plants by hazardous chemicals and others of unknown toxicity. Resolving these problems is only partly a technological issue, for such solutions bring their own problems in turn — for example, the conflict between transportation needs (the automobile) and pollution. Furthermore, even if technology brought all of the solutions, a perfectly designed urban environment carries the threat of a "boring sameness," which could strip a city of danger and also of character.

Anne Spirn's solution calls for acknowledging the elemental forces which underlie urban settlements and which have since ancient times been recognized as fundamental — processes of earth, air, and water, to which she has added a fourth, "life," in place of the Traditional element, fire. *The Granite Garden* is a guidebook to the interdependence of this environmental quartet, with explanations both of how natural processes have been violated and how they could be harnessed, with great positive good for cities.

The author stresses the primary importance of applying knowledge about how

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elemental processes work to design the urban system. Much of her approach makes intuitive sense, even to the lay reader. For example, the "urban heat island" effect, which results in a city's retaining more heat than surrounding country areas, reducing heating bills in the winter but requiring more air conditioning in summer months. Mitigation of this effect can be achieved by a combination of siting, landscaping, and construction design techniques, after careful consideration of the entire setting. Inattention to basic forces such as temperature and wind will result in environments that maximize discomfort. Boston City Hall Plaza, for example, is neither cool in summer nor warm in winter; it is, effectively, unusable for sitting or strolling most of the year.

Knowledge of how basic environmental processes work is clearly only one step toward a solution, for, as the author notes, many of the techniques for designing an effective city have been around a long time. Rather, she implies, there are additional needs, for catholicity of vision and consistency of purpose, that determine the success or failure of attempts to regenerate urban and suburban places. Plaudits for vision go to nineteenth-century landscape architects such as Frederick Law Olmsted, whose series of linked Boston parks — the city's "Emerald Necklace" — simultaneously solved flood control problems and met aesthetic, social, and recreational needs. Vision is an asset in recycling environments as well as in constructing new ones. The example is given of limestone mines in Kansas City, Missouri, which have been converted into more than forty-four million feet of underground warehouses, factories, and offices.

Knowledge and vision must also be coupled with a unity of civic purpose for change to occur: An imaginative scheme to manage Dayton's trees by "selective cutting" and replanting, which would also have netted the city over $100,000 annually (for the lumber), for instance, was thwarted by a conflict between the forces of forester and naturalist ("preservation versus management"), ultimately resulting in a court ruling against the city. A cohesion of goals is essential to making changes on a large scale. *The Granite Garden* offers many examples of successful urban design improvements in Europe; one suspects that a country's common cultural heritage has much to do with its success. Similarly, it was possible for planners here in the mid-1800s to undertake the filling of Boston's Back Bay and analogous projects elsewhere, in part because of a commonly construed public purpose. The project took forty years, also implying a willingness to invest in the urban infrastructure that would be difficult to find today.

The Granite Garden is filled with specific lessons from the landscape of urban design: what worked, what didn't work, and why. Not the least of its pleasures is the opportunity to explore a new lexicon with the analyses: "sunpockets," "biogeography," "*tsunami*," "ecorocks," and "*woonerf*," along with the somewhat more conventional "subsidence" and "inversion." Nor is the historical dimension missing, as a lively tracing of the street tree's "roots" demonstrates. All of this is done within a visually pleasing document, illustrated with a number of carefully chosen and clearly printed photographs, maps, and drawings.

Technological, environmental, and even political aspects of many urban design problems are well explored. One might look for more discussion in two other areas, nonetheless, which are touched on lightly or not at all, that is, economics and zoning, because they are essential to resolution of so many urban problems such as those outlined here — the siting of toxic and hazardous waste disposal sites, for example. A second, related quibble is with the use of a few dramatic terms (e.g., "poisons in the air") which, by their imprecision, detract from the author's overall tone and intent, which is earnest and exhortative. Hers is a convincing plea; one hopes to see it answered.

> ***The city, the suburbs, and the countryside must be viewed as a single, evolving system within nature, as must every individual park and building within that larger whole. The social value of nature must be recognized and its power harnessed, rather than resisted. Nature in the city must be cultivated, like a garden, rather than ignored or subdued.***
>
> —Anne Whiston Spirn
> *The Granite Garden*

True to herself, true to her way

AN INTERRUPTED LIFE
THE DIARIES OF ETTY HILLESUM, 1941-1943
Translated by Arno Pomerans
Pantheon Books, $12.95, 226 pp.

Frederick Franck

ETTY HILLESUM'S dearest wish was to become a "real writer." It took forty years after the Nazis cremated her to achieve such status. The English title, *An Interrupted Life*, is as misleading as the one of the Dutch original "A Life Disturbed," but it is not Etty Hillesum who chose either: she just scribbled down her heartrending, yet liberating story. Eight almost undecipherable exercise books evoke a life not so much interrupted or disturbed as converted into a pilgrimage to the Other Shore, completed in two short years, so that in her last, her twenty-ninth year, she attained what most of us fail to achieve in three score and ten.

Her book is not another Holocaust book. It is an intimate travelogue of the human inner journey against the backdrop of subhuman barbarity.

She is no Simone Weil this Etty Hillesum, nor is she an older Anne Frank or an Edith Stein. She is her own woman, a woman of more than ordinary intelligence, who at twenty-six had earned degrees in Law and Slavonic languages, and had just started to study psychology. Far from being a blue-stocking, however, she was a full-blooded, sensual young woman of a type which forty years

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later still strikes one as being as emancipated as anyone her age today.

When in March 1941 Etty started to record her odyssey, she was still living in a sunny and comfortable room overlooking Amsterdam's largest square, notwithstanding the gloom that was enveloping Nazi-occupied Holland. She felt "full of fear of letting go, of allowing things to pour out of me." Still "this is what I must do if I am ever to give my life a reasonable and satisfactory purpose. . . ." On this first page she also avows being "accomplished in bed, just about seasoned enough to be counted among the better lovers. Love indeed suits me perfectly." But she adds, "yet it remains a mere trifle set apart from what is really essential, deep inside me there is still something locked away." What was locked away would be set free between these first entries and that final one of August 24, 1943, at the end of her pilgrimage: "We should be willing to act as a balm on all wounds."

Her involvement with Julius Spier, the man she refers to as S. had just started. In it she found her capacity for a love that would not remain "set apart from the really essential" in her, that would grow into that greater love which lays down life for friend.

S. has been characterized in one review I read, as a charlatan. He was nothing of the kind, this gifted man who after a career as a banker and then as a publisher had studied with Carl Jung, and was encouraged by Jung to use professionally his extraordinary capacity of reading character in palms. From Etty's description he was on as urgent a search for the specifically, centrally human in himself as she was, an urgency no doubt intensified by the impending doom of which both were fully aware. S. was the man who "taught me to speak of God without embarrassment." The relationship between these two was as erotic as it was prayerful and contemplative: it was complete. They were not merely lovers, but fellow pilgrims on the ultimate pilgrimage. They could share Etty's "addressing God in that silly, naive and deadly serious dialogue with what is deepest inside me and which for con-

(Continued on page 474)

Religious booknotes

Possibilities of human existence

Mary Gerhart

BIOGRAPHY, autobiography, diary — does anything more than curiosity or the desire for historical information motivate readers of these genres? There is more to it. As Karl Weintraub remarks in his book, *The Value of the Individual*, these genres give us access to the formative possibilities of human existence.

Margaret Quigley and Michael Garvey evoke a singular portrait of Dorothy Day by quoting randomly from old issues of *The Catholic Worker*, from letters that Day wrote, and from the remembrances of friends and associates — for the most part quoting quotations which Day herself treasured. What prevents this book from being merely derivative are Day's comments about the place books occupied in her life and the sense of time and place that these comments evoke, such as her description of the early performances of "Gene" O'Neill's plays at the Little Theatre on MacDougal Street. Day compared books to the Food of the Eucharist: *The Dorothy Day Book: A Selection from Her Writings and Readings* makes the analogy believable.

***The Dorothy Day Book: A Selection from Her Writings and Readings**, ed. by Margaret Quigley and Michael Garvey, illus. by Ade Bethune, Templegate, $9.95, 124 pp.*

Stephan Cardinal Wyszynski's diary account of his imprisonment by the Polish authorities from 25 September 1953, to 28 October 1956 — although it often describes the prelate's state of mind during captivity — is not really about Wyszynski's personal feelings and thoughts so much as it is about his personal encounters with government officials. In *A Freedom Within: The Prison Notes of Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski*, the political, in a sense, becomes the personal. Wyszynski was one of the major figures in the episcopacy to draft the "Mutual Understanding" — an agreement between the church and the Polish government which, the Polish prelates hoped, would deter the government from following what had become official Communist policy toward religion after the Russian Revolution of 1917. The diary reads as though its author were aware that it could fall into enemy hands, and perhaps for this reason it often seems to conceal more than it reveals. More difficult to account for are his gratuitous, occasional remarks about women in general. The diary offsets these lapses by its crisp portrayal of an individual's aggressive opposition to the loss of his freedom.

***A Freedom Within: The Prison Notes of Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski**, trans. by Barbara Krzywicki-Herburt and Walter Ziemba, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $16.95, 355 pp.*

In his contribution to the Abingdon "Journeys in Faith" series, Harvey Cox employs a number of different genres — real and imaginary interviews, "flashbacks," and letters — in addition to first-person narrative. Like the other authors in the series, Cox was asked to write about his faith and life in recent years, to reflect in particular on the social justice awakenings in the 1960s and the shift to "inner search" in the seventies. In *Just As I Am*, his journey — from Quaker ancestry in rural Pennsylvania

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through time spent in Gdansk in the forties, Philadelphia in the fifties, Berlin and Roxbury in the sixties, Cuernavaca, El Salvador, Colombia and Japan in the seventies—is poign-

***Just As I Am**, by Harvey Cox (Journeys in Faith Series, ed. by Robert A. Raines), Abingdon, $10.95, 159 pp.*

antly engaging. Cox is a good storyteller and unafraid to initiate questions about his past experience. The book is evidence that as appreciation for one's own elected tradition (in his case, Baptist) deepens, one's ability to find value in other traditions can increase as well. His chapters on Rome and on liberation theology in Latin America afford fresh views and are delightful to read.

Genial honesty is the keynote of John Tracy Ellis's *Catholic Bishops: A Memoir*. Keenly alert to his own role as observer and participant in the record of events, Ellis is a master at bringing out signal characteristics of both persons and historical eras by small details. He is unflinching in recounting the noteworthy warts of prelates and unstinting in his praise of even the lesser virtues wherever they are to be found. If any leitmotif of the book were to be singled out, it would be Ellis's cordial but firm insistence on the need for scholarly research, particularly historical, to be free from interference by administrators of institutions and church authorities. One of the deans of American church history, Ellis shows by incident and

***Catholic Bishops: A Memoir**, by John Tracy Ellis. Michael Glazier, $10.95, 182 pp.*

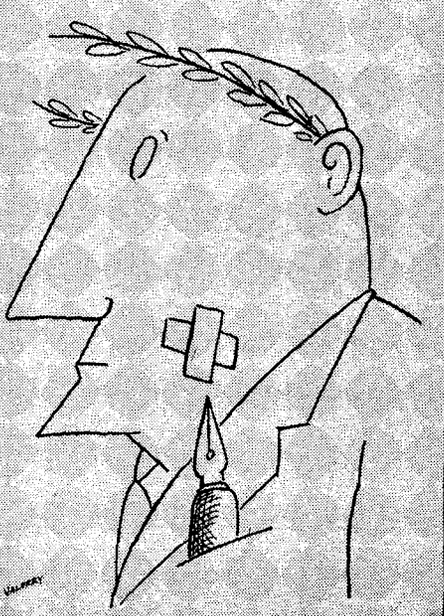
anecdote the important role such freedom — or the lack of it — has played in the maturing of American Catholicism.

Without Fear or Favor: George Higgins on the Record by Gerald Costello, currently editor of *Catholic New York*, the archdiocese's weekly paper, is a documentary history of Higgins's work on the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Certain ironies are cited: Although Higgins led the Conference for most of the years he served on it, by oversight he was never officially appointed to it by his bishop. Called the "dean of American Catholic social action," for thirty-six years Higgins was indefatigable in cajoling, chastising, and exhorting Catholics toward a better social awareness. Costello follows Higgins's record topically: his weekly column, "The Yardstick," which was regularly sent out over NC News

***Without Fear or Favor: George Higgins on the Record**, by Gerald M. Costello, Twenty-third Publications, $9.95, 293 pp.*

Service; the labor movement; the farm labor movement; the Second Vatican Council; interracial justice. Higgins's "retirement" from the NCWC in 1980 has been one of those happy illusions; he seems more active now than ever.

In 1982, Edward Schillebeeckx was awarded the 1982 Erasmus Prize by Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. This book of conversations, *God Is New Each Moment*, was published for the occasion. The topics of conversation range from Schille-



beeckx's childhood and early influences, to his most recent thoughts about his own writings. As a statement of his political views, the book will appear simplistic to many: Western Europe and the United States are mentioned frequently as the only powers in need of reform and the only causes of the suffering of nations. As an elaboration of his theological understandings, the book helps to clarify Schillebeeckx's thought and, even more important, his general intention. The translation occasionally fails his thought: *sola gratia* is read as "only grace," and whenever he refers to his next "great" book he clearly means "major." All in all it is a useful book, even though one wishes the interviewer had not pushed his own views so strenuously and had instead let *Schillebeeckx be Schillebeeckx*. Finally, both the latitude and the limitations of this interview appear for a moment when at the end of the book Oosterhuis asks (somewhat woodenly): "Would you write a

***God Is New Each Moment**, by Edward Schillebeeckx in conversation with Huub Oosterhuis and Piet Hoogeveen, Seabury, $7.95, 129 pp.*

psalm to end this book with?" and Schillebeeckx replies, "Only if you make it a little more poetical," a suggestion which Oosterhuis rejects; "No, I won't do that. A psalm about your own life. Will you do that?" Schillebeeckx obliges, thus achieving by a shift in genre what the interviewer refused to (or perhaps could not) do.

These books attract and direct different interests even though they all focus on an individual. However diverse our reasons for reading about individuals, we are reminded by Weintraub that "There is nobility in our willingness to understand [human beings] on their own terms and to complicate our judgments by giving each . . . his due." One could spend one's time in far meaner pursuits.

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venience sake I call God," and S.'s dream of being baptized by the Christ in person.

What sets this book so apart from usual autobiography, and even from any other book of the inner journey, is the total absence of all posturing, all embellishments. Etty's journey simply had to include all the experimentation she ascribes to her "erotic adventuresomeness," until she came to the painful realization "all the adventures and transient relationships I have had, have made me utterly miserable, torn me apart . . . what I really want is a man for life." If this vital girl is to be called a mystic, which I do without hesitation, her way was of the Tantric kind.

In the first period of her diary, she is still confident that she is "a match for most of life's problems, yet at times nothing more or less than a miserable, frightened creature, despite the clarity with which I express myself." At this early stage she sees S. as "a charming man . . . charming smile despite his false teeth," and soon after as "a fifty-four-year old in whom the struggle between the spirit and the flesh is still in full cry." He fascinated her, but she cannot yet imagine "ever being in love with him." She discovers, however, how naturally they complement one another, understand one another: "we have had wild and unfettered lives in many strange beds, and nevertheless we are shy all over again . . . Now I go down to read the Bible with him."

She was at the time still living with another man, even older than S., for whom she had both a high regard and warm tenderness. If both relationships only clashed in her on rare occasions, it was not through some perversion, but because both involvements existed on different levels of this complex personality who in "near ecstatic moments feels herself capable of God-knows-what," only to sink back in the deepest pit of uncertainty: "I fail to work each day at what I believe to be my only real talent, writing. . . ."

It was S. who from the beginning impressed on her that what "he had in the head must get down into the heart" and who tried to help her in letting this happen. She at first doubted how his efforts could bring it about, but soon admitted: "They did! He assigned to their proper place all that went on inside me, like a jigsaw puzzle with all the pieces mixed up, he put them together properly."

Although she still tells herself that she is not "really in love with him," she concedes that in this relationship she has gone through a process of maturation she had never thought possible. She was well on her way to becoming the woman she was born to be. "In men like S. a woman's soul is given welcome and shelter."

Meanwhile the setting of this love story in which the bifurcation between the erotic and the spiritual had fallen away was getting more ghoulish by the day: ever increasing harassment and terror, Stars of David to be worn, arrests, "the arbitrary dragging off of fathers, sons, brothers and sisters to concentration camps," prohibitions for Jews to ride street cars and bicycles, to sit on park benches, to buy food at greengrocers. . . .

What is happening to this sophisticated girl growing to her full womanhood against this backdrop is unbearably moving. "There is a really deep well inside me, and in it God dwells . . . There are people who pray with their eyes turned to heaven, they seek God outside themselves. And there are those who bow their heads and bury their faces in their hands. I think they seek God inside." She is clearly one of the latter, is driven "to be true to that in me that seeks to fulfill its promise. I know that I must see You amongst people in the world . . . Oh, let me feel at one with myself. . . ." At times she believes that the "foolish and passionate desire to 'lose myself in S.' has vanished. All that is left of it is the will to yield myself up to God . . . a desire to kneel down sometimes pulses through my body or rather, my body seems made and meant for the act of kneeling."

And "I love him a bit more every day . . . it is the first time I really kissed a man, it is the sharing of the breath that counts. . . ." And then again: "At his side I ripen into a genuine and adult human being."

As all of us, she is full of contradictions, but then she is neither a logician nor a moralist. She is simply true to herself and to her way. The narcissism of the overture, the double relationship with two older men, the awakening to God in the deep well of the Self are as unconventional as they are true to her nature.

Etty's book has been called both typically Jewish and typically Christian. It is, typically, hurtingly human. One would have to apply strictly racist criteria to categorize the man who feels baptized by Christ, the girl who sees herself as made for kneeling down, as Jewish; one would have to be fanatically Jewish to excom-

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municate them, narrowly Christian sectarian to exclude them from the Mystical Body.

She was given a job with the Jewish Council, a liaison body set up by the Nazis for their convenience, and is forced to play an inevitably sinister role in assisting "the cold-blooded fanatics who clamor for our destruction" but of whom she was less afraid than of her "own demons I have to battle inside."

"Ours," S. says to her "is real Hell. Dante's Inferno is comic opera by comparison." But Julius Spier was to be spared the deepest pit of this hell, he became ill and died. By then, everything that happened seemed to strengthen Etty's "crystal clear mysticism."

"I love people so terribly, because in every human being I love something of You. . . ." Did she say it to the fellow pilgrim she lost? To God? To both? But it is surely to S. that she cries out: "You were the mediator between God and me, you taught me to speak His Name. Now that you have gone, my path leads straight to God, and I shall be the mediator for any soul I can reach. . . ."

A friend, who survived, saw her at the train to Auschwitz "talking gaily, a kind word for everyone she met . . . perhaps a touch of sadness. Then the shrill whistle when the train with a thousand 'transport cases' was moving out." She still threw a postcard out of the train, which a farmer found and mailed: "We left the camp singing," it said.

On November 30, 1943, the drop of water that had been Etty Hillesum fell into the ocean of infinity, ready for it.

A novel of half-baked ideas

THE HERETICS OF DUNE

Frank Herbert

G. P. Putnam's, $16.95, 480 pp.

John Calvin Batchelor

FRANK HERBERT is a sixty-four-year-old veteran journalist from the northwest coast who has exercised the easy story-telling talent and dispassionate cynicism of the daily reporter to create, over the last twenty years, a world-famous and extremely lucrative series of science fiction tales based upon his happy genius of a novel, *Dune* (1965). A lavish motion picture of that original book, about a faraway and far-in-the-future desert world that is actually a paradise shot through with hallucinogenic powders and giant sand worms such as the proto apple might be infested with, will aggrandize America's popular culture next Christmas. And it is largely because of this light-hearted phenomenon that the latest episode of the big worms, *The Heretics of Dune*, deserves attention.

It is not too late to join the parade. Frank Herbert has a tin ear, an innocuous imagination, and no patience for surprise, character, forgiveness, love or what could be called the ha'penny details of humanity, like grumpiness; but none of these were ever why one turned to science fiction. This is the fun genre, and Mr. Herbert knows how to crank out the old fate-of-the-universe-in-the-balance plot one more time. Also, most importantly, Mr. Herbert has considerable hope for tired old mankind.

It is fifteen hundred years after the close of the last cycle (*Dune Messiah, Children Of Dune, God Emperor Of Dune*), and across the limitless reaches of space, mankind has again fallen into a pregnant dark age that resembles, sort-of, the Fertile Crescent in the first century A.D.: aging priest cults, arrogant warrior cults, and the arrival from outside of a new and vibrant empire of gold-hoarders that could be Rome with the emendation that the women are in charge because of their sexual prowess. A savior is required to rise from the obscurity of an outpost to plant the seeds of mankind's resurrection. Again, Mr. Herbert does not construct any of this with metaphorical or allegorical exactitude, and this interpretation is as good or useless as any. Nevertheless, the plot is concrete. The house atop such a foundation is left to the tongue-twisting of Mr. Herbert's glossary. It is part of the joy here to crash up against sentences of impenetrable Germanic epistemology and not to stop reading, "Nowhere in the Wekht of Jandola, not to the farthest reaches of Tleilaxu Yaghist, was there a living powindah who knew this secret."

Secrets! What drives the book is the drip-drip-drip of secrets: Why did God Emperor Leto II, who was mad in acceptably human ways, like a very glib Assurbanipal, leave behind the hidden makings of a new order like Alka-Seltzer tablets? What does it mean that Leto II's plan lives on in pieces — those tablets — distributed in the brains of the big worms? And is this plan benevolent or malevolent?

Mr. Herbert has little interest in physics or chemistry; this is not a book of spaceships or planetary geological events. His passion is for biology, specifically genetic engineering. All the plot twists turn upon bad blood, racial memories, and Darwinian absolutism, that is, prophets are born not made, magic is preserved instinct and not chicanery, survival is a matter of a superior gene pool and adoration of one's environment. This makes the *Dune* series distasteful to one whose affections are for the gentle accidents of heterogeneity, democracy, and intellectual freedom. But it is arguably a credible way to review mankind's history: There is a plan — some know it incrementally; others know it and abuse it; most are ignorant of it and choose to remain so.

Mr. Herbert's good few are drug-addicted "witches" who breed like prize hogs, ageless stoical warriors who kill in defeatist calms, and teenage children who bounce between virginal equestrian longings to ride the big worms and born-to-lose yearnings to rule the big worms like battalions of bikers. The evil few are drug-addicted "whores" whose sense of wickedness includes characterizing themselves as "bankers" and who like to torture with a method that reminds one of

ROSEMARY BOOTH *has a Master's degree in city and regional planning from Harvard.*

FREDERICK FRANCK'*s books include* **The Zen of Seeing** *and* **Art as a Way.**

JOHN CALVIN BATCHELOR *wrote* **The Birth of the People's Republic of Antarctica** *(Dial).*

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a nymph whipping a man with her long wet blond hair.

And what is left is Mr. Herbert's version of the common people, whom he calls "muck." Poor "muck" is in the cheap seats of this melodrama, and is obliged to endure frequent lectures about how it is not to be trusted with intelligence. ("We teach," says an evil one, "that new knowledge is non-survival.") Mr. Herbert sketches this paranoid fantasy as well as one can, given that Dostoyevsky's Grand Inquisitor has become a stylized television personality always changing costumes for all those anachronistic historical mini-series.

It is unironic good versus prosaic evil for the control of dimwitted mankind, then, and Mr. Herbert amuses when he reduces humanity's problems to a dialogue worthy of a corporate strategy meeting for a new fast food chain empire: "To those out there," says a loathsome one, "a great issue is: 'Will I eat today?' 'Do I have shelter tonight that will not be invaded by attackers or vermin?' Luxury? Luxury is the possession of a drug or a member of the opposite sex who can, for a time, keep the beast at bay."

In response, the hero thinks, "And you are the beast."

This is a book for the beach, where one has no greater curiosity outside of Mr. Herbert's thrills than for the sunburnt beauties going by. However, it is also a novel of ideas, and if they are half-baked like everyone on that beach, there is in this ponderous unraveling of the mystery of the big worms, a snappy acknowledgement of the central conceit of all novels of ideas, "The writing of history is a process of diversion: Most historical accounts divert attention from the secret influences around the recorded events."

One either believes that the history books are all, or one does not quite, and playfully takes to fiction. Count Tolstoy did the *Dune* series's delightful core of salvation history much better in his fate-of-the-universe thriller, *War And Peace*, but then, Frank Herbert has stripped away all that annoyingly ambivalent verisimilitude in order to provide diverting, chatty, skimmable romanticism.

The Midwest Chesterton Society has just received an offer from the University Press of America to publish *all* of G.K. Chesteron's columns from the *Illustrated London News*, two-thirds of which have never been reprinted before. The columns began in September 1905 and ended with Chesterton's death in June 1936.

However, the cost of secretarial help and indexing for this project will be approximately $20,000 and the Society is urgently seeking funds. Contributions will be fully tax deductible. Checks should be made out to the Chesterton Fund. Names of major contributors (over $100) will be printed in this edition of the GKC columns. Those interested in helping should write to:

Frank A. Petta
Midwest Chesterton Society
Box 353
Carpenterville, IL 60110

In brief

FELLINI'S ROAD, *by Donald P. Costello. Notre Dame, $16.95, $9.95 paper, 214 pp.*

This book by Donald P. Costello is a guide through Federico Fellini's complex major films *La Strada, La Dolce Vita, 8½* and *Juliet of the Spirits*. Professor Costello, chairman of the department of Communication Arts at Notre Dame, is a sure-footed Theseus, deftly threading his way through labyrinths of celluloid.

Fellini's films are consciously autobiographical. Each is a quest for self-discovery, a journey. Fellini paints "a fresco of the society we live in." He combines imagery with parody, grotesque sophistication with irony, humor, and pathos. His films give the appearance of spontaneity but are constructed on layers of metaphor, staged with sure craftsmanship. They so artistically project the interconnected realms of reality, dream, fantasy, and memory that Costello states: "The complexity that results stuns us with its likeness to the deeper reality which we all know."

Costello seems familiar with each frame of the film in question. He uses interviews with Fellini and published screenplays. He has a faultless sense of Fellini's images, an intense grasp of his cinematographic languages, and a love and gift for exegesis. This book nearly belies Fellini's statement that, "A film cannot be described in words."

One will find generous insight and self-enlightenment in these pages. Fellini himself has written: "Professor Costello, with his accurate and suggestive book, has made me want to go and see some of the films he writes about so well." Four stars. P.J.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALITY, *by Wolfhart Pannenberg. Westminster Press, $8.95 paper, 120 pp.*

Five lectures at Yale: a critique of Protestant "guilt piety"; an argument for a new Protestant "Eucharist piety"; a discussion of faith and politics sharply rejecting liberation theology; a reflection on the theme of God's "death" or "absence" in contemporary culture; a comparison of Christian and Buddhist quests for the true self. Pannenberg simply has little "feel" for liberation theology, and his critique suffers accordingly; on the other topics, his deep knowledge and rigorous examination of Protestant thought strike a shower of intellectual sparks. P.S.

JAPANESE SOCIETY: TRADITION, SELF AND THE SOCIAL ORDER, *by Robert J. Smith. Cambridge University Press, $19.95, 188 pp.*

Every month, it seems, Americans are beaten about the head with two or three new books on Japan. We are, as the author of this book observes, "clearly made uneasy and insecure by Japanese successes." Unable to digest the idea that very different societies could achieve similar technical and economic powers — and yet *remain* very different societies — we keep wondering whether Japan hasn't stolen some Western secret and made even better use of it than we have, or we keep waiting for the other shoe to fall and Japan to awaken to all the

Correction

In identifying reviewer William M. Sullivan in the 10 August 1984 issue, we inadvertently altered his name. We apologize for our error.

THE EDITORS

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industrial and post-industrial ills which afflict the West. In 1980, Robert J. Smith, an anthropologist who has studied Japanese religion and village life for decades, addressed our puzzlement in a series of lectures on the special Japanese sense of flexible tradition, diffuse authority, immersion of the self in the small group, and worldly responsibility. This book, based on those lectures, is both analytic and conversational, direct and yet judicious. It is also, like many things Japanese, blessedly miniature. P.S.

Correspondence

(Continued from page 450)

from making it up by their bootstraps to one based on fair shares," it is predictable that the authors would point with approval to countries like Britain where the state owns and/or subsidizes most rental housing, and fault the U.S. for failing to provide "meaningful training or jobs programs as many European nations have done." Predictable but ironic, in light of an article comparing job creation in the U.S. and Western Europe which appeared in the June 17 issue of the *New York Times*, no defender of Reagan's policies or the unfettered operation of the market.

During the last decade, Western Europe lost 2 million jobs, while the U.S. created about 20 million. The overall unemployment rate in Western Europe is 10.3 percent and growing while that in the U.S., now about 7.5 percent, has been declining. Princeton economist Orley Ashenfelter is quoted as attributing the disparity, in part, to the greater mobility of American workers: "In Britain, for example, one would never dream of changing occupations to respond to decline in demand. And that rigidity gets enforced by government policies. Housing is so heavily subsidized that if you lose your job you don't dare move from the area you live in because the waiting lists elsewhere are so long." Other advantages enjoyed by the U.S. identified in the article, include greater availability of venture capital for the start-up businesses that have spurred job growth in recent years, and a culture more willing to take financial and business risks.

Will such evidence cause Hope and Young or, for that matter, many American bishops and clergy, to reconsider their belief that an expanded welfare state is morally superior to the more limited American version? Probably not.

Unfortunately, as numerous social policy disasters demonstrate, moral fervor and good intentions are no substitutes for cogent analysis. MARY M. ASH

The authors reply

Ms. Ash's interesting letter raises too many points for us to address them adequately in the space allotted. But we shall touch on some of the more important.

We, too, would like to know the number of homeless people. One can count those in shelters, perhaps. But what about those sleeping in subways, hospital waiting rooms, tunnels, abandoned cars, abandoned buildings, ditches, cardboard boxes — people who have had nasty experiences with authorities in the past and will make every effort to evade researchers? How are we to count families that double up and triple up (often four or five in one room), breaking housing authority or other rules? Is it possible that such situations contribute to mental illness, drug addiction, or other pathology? Or would Ms. Ash say that all three families have a home of their own?

Let's assume that such counts *are* possible. If "public policy" were already making adequate provision for people seeking shelter, it might be relevant to try to make a survey of the uncounted ones. But existing shelters turn seekers away — and shelters continue to expand. Let's accept, too, HUD's extremely low estimate of 250,000 to 350,000 homeless. If the Reagan administration stands firm on

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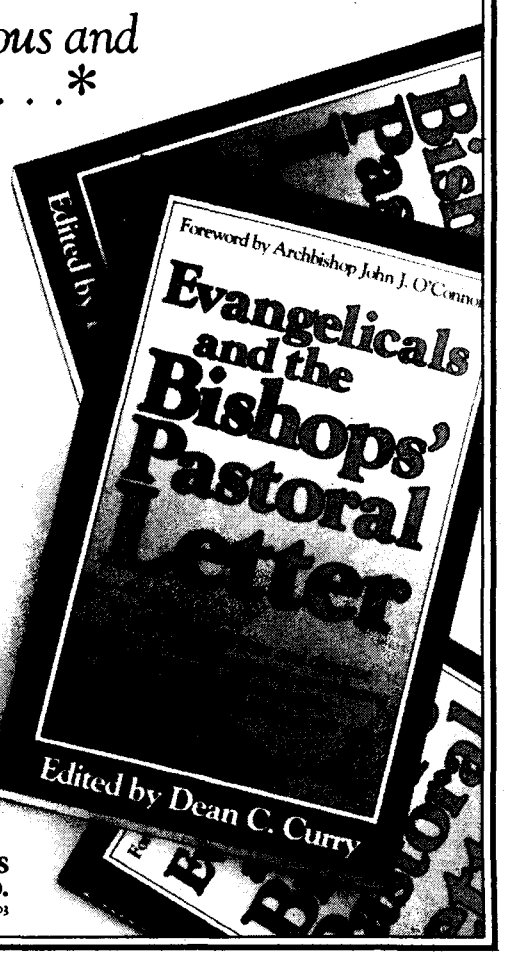

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its public policy — denial of $60 million to rehabilitate and operate shelters — that would mean denying each homeless person, on average, the exorbitant sum of $200.

In the past, it is true, various ethnic groups recycled the housing that trickled down to them from above. What kind of housing? Does Ms. Ash suggest that we tolerate the slums described by Jacob Riis that led to tuberculosis, fires, and a host of other social hazards?

The fact is that low-income housing has been unprofitable — on its own — for decades. So-called "free enterprise" developers are constantly on the look-out for low-income subsidies.

Ms. Ash's comments about unemployment in Western Europe in fact refer to the Common Market (EEC) countries. How about some of the Nordic (EFTA) countries, which have far higher "welfare state" overheads? In 1982, Norway's unemployment was 1.8 percent, Sweden's was 2.3 percent and Finland's was 4.1 percent. None of these nations has reduced its welfare sector significantly. In 1982, U.S. unemployment was over 10 percent. While nations like Great Britain, France, and West Germany may be suffering from high unemployment, the primary reason is that the U.S. has a strong dollar, which is attracting West European (EEC) money to the U.S. to earn high interest. Unemployment today in Sweden is 2.7 percent. When we toured Scandinavia in 1982 we could not find homeless people, except for a few alcoholics in train stations. Actually, 90 percent of Sweden's productive forces are privately owned, a far higher proportion than in Britain, Italy, France, and South Africa, that bastion of free enterprise that the Reagan administration is fostering. The point is that Sweden combines central planning with free enterprise. And central planning includes planning to prevent social disasters like homelessness.

MARJORIE HOPE AND JAMES YOUNG

Canada wry

Thunder Bay, Ont.

To the Editors: Just a note to explain why it gets harder to renew *Commonweal* as the years pass. As you probably know I have subscribed since the early sixties. I still enjoy reading every issue of *Commonweal,* however, the discrepancy between $43 for two years and what I actually pay is getting rather large. First add the postal surcharge; then add the currency exchange ($1.31); then the bank transaction fee $1.50 — $2.50 if I just wrote a check saying U.S. funds — and you come up with $63.07. I wonder what would happen to your number of subscriptions if Americans had to pay that rate?

Ironically, much of the blame for this imbalance of funds is a result of your president's fiscal and arms policies. Recognizing that my own Liberal government has not curbed its own spending sufficiently, Mr. Reagan's policy of high interest rates, growing deficit financing, and artificially propped-up dollar, all caused in great measure by his madness to arm and defend, is becoming a threat to even the humble act of renewing American magazines. (I suppose it would please him to no end when it applies to foreign subscribers of *Commonweal.)*

This imbalance occurs because international money traders sell off Canadian dollars to buy American dollars. At this time the interest rate in Canada is not great enough to attract foreign investment so the value of our dollar falls — right now to an all-time low. At the same time we have an unemployment rate of 11 percent and have not recovered from the recent recession (caused in great part by Reagan's first two years in government). As you can expect, our government does not want to raise the interest rate which will stifle the slow recovery we are experiencing. This situation is that much more exasperating when one reads that much of your economic recovery and lowering of the unemploy-

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Kirkridge Gathering

The Company at Kirkridge, a supportive network for contemporary Christians will meet October 26, 27, 28, 1984 at Kirkridge, Bangor, PA. Petru Dumitriu, lay theologican and author of *Incognito* and to *The Unknown God* will speak on themes from those books. For more information contact Anthony Ciccariello, 520 W. Gray St., Elmira, NY 14905.

Meeting

WHAT DO WOMEN WANT? Delaware Valley Catholic women will gather to generate suggested input for Bishops' pastoral letter on women. Rosemont College October 6, 9-4:30. Arlene Swidler, 7501 Woodcrest, Philadelphia 19151. Or call (215) 477-1080.

Peace Volunteers

Needed volunteer-abstractors to summarize articles on war/peace issues and international affairs for a widely used research publication. Contact: Dr. Hanna Newcombe, Co-editor Peace Research Abstracts, 25 Dundana Ave., Dundas, Ont. L9H 4E5 Canada.

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ment rate to 8 percent rests on increased defense and arms expenditures.

So much for a lesson on international economics. Rest assured that I will continue to enjoy the island of sanity and hope that *Commonweal* never lets me forget exists in your country. I only hope the gap has closed by mid-1986. Perhaps the pending elections in both our countries will see a significant change in leadership. May God continue to bless your efforts. JOHN A BORST

Losing a legacy?

Washington, D.C.

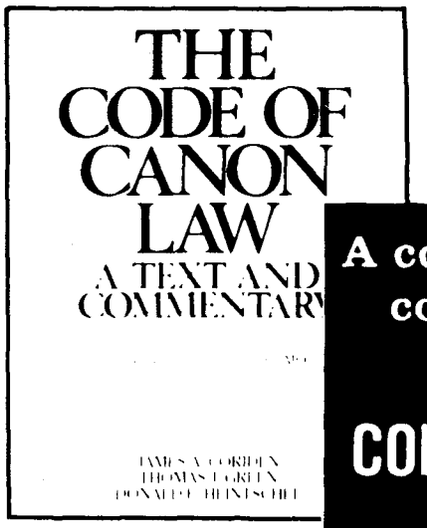
To the Editors: Thank you for printing the graceful and moving tribute to Dorothy Dohen by Joseph P. Fitzpatrick, S.J. [June 1]. It wonderfully evokes a remarkable woman and draws needed attention to movements of spirit and of action too little known to many today.

But the elegiac last paragraph leads me to ask whether some effort should not be made to gather the testimonies of people who participated in those Catholic Action movements — before it is too late, as it is for Dorothy Dohen. Perhaps they could be invited to reflect on those days and on their lives since, especially since the Council. They were and are a precious legacy, and their witness should not be lost.

I regularly teach a course on Vatican II, and each time I teach it I encounter fewer students who have personal memory of the church before the Council. Some of them are inclined to think that nothing was right before Vatican II, and so are bound, I think, to misunderstand the Council. Those of us who can remember both the beauties and the follies of the church before it was so transformed, not always for the better, have insights to offer that no later generation can have. Is there an editor or a publisher who might wish to gather and preserve them? REV. JOSEPH A. KOMONCHAK

Catholic University

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.



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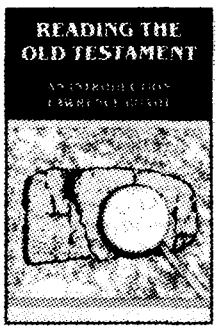

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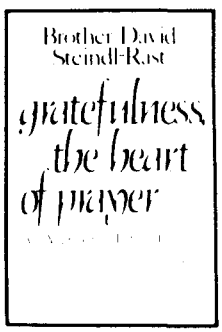

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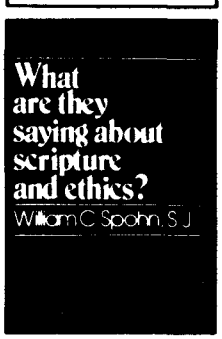

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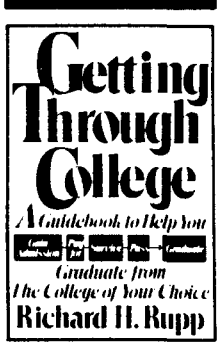

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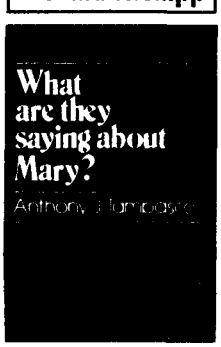

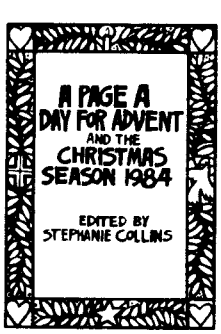

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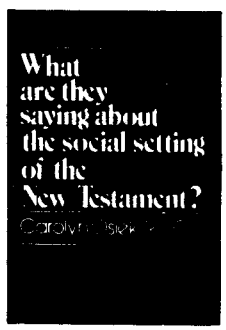

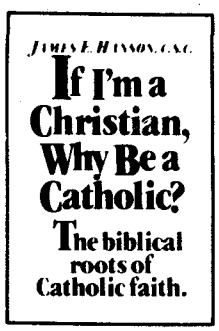

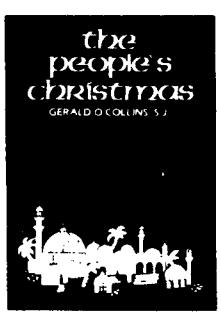

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